



5-1877

Jacksonville Republican | May 1877

Jacksonville Republican (Jacksonville, Ala. : 1837-1895)

Follow this and additional works at: https://digitalcommons.jsu.edu/lib_ac_jackrepub

Recommended Citation

Jacksonville Republican (Jacksonville, Ala. : 1837-1895), "Jacksonville Republican | May 1877" (1877).
Jacksonville Republican. 393.
https://digitalcommons.jsu.edu/lib_ac_jackrepub/393

This Book is brought to you for free and open access by the Historical Newspapers at JSU Digital Commons. It has been accepted for inclusion in Jacksonville Republican by an authorized administrator of JSU Digital Commons. For more information, please contact digitalcommons@jsu.edu.

THE REPUBLICAN.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY
F. & L. W. CRANT.

Terms of Subscription:

one year in advance \$2.00
not paid in advance \$2.50

Terms of Advertising:

square of 10 lines or less, first insertion \$1.00
subsequent insertion \$0.50
for one square counted as two, etc.
charges charged at advertising rates.

ANNOUNCEMENT OF CANDIDATES.

County Offices.....\$ 5.00
State Offices.....\$ 10.00
Communications affecting the claims of candidates charged as advertisements.

Rates of Advertising:

square of 10 lines, three months.....\$ 5.00
square six months.....\$ 7.50
square twelve months.....\$ 10.00
fourth column three months.....\$ 20.00
fourth column six months.....\$ 30.00
fourth column twelve months.....\$ 40.00
half column three months.....\$ 25.00
half column six months.....\$ 35.00
half column twelve months.....\$ 45.00
one column three months.....\$ 40.00
one column six months.....\$ 50.00
one column twelve months.....\$ 60.00

Jessamine's Happiness.

BY MARY REED CROWELL.

They were as unlike as one could imagine two girls to be—Maude Trevanion, tall and stately as a lily, with a haughty way of carrying her head, and her low, refined voice, that for worlds she would not have heard above certain, well-regulated, aristocratic speech—with black eyes and pale, ivory complexion, contrasting superbly with the curving, scarlet lips and ink black hair; that was arranged always in a stylish and becoming way—a way that the country girls imitated in vain, so far as the effect was concerned. Standing in the open doorway of the Horton farm-house, where she had been "boarded" since the first blossom had been showered, like a rain of fragrant now, on the velvet grass, Maude Trevanion made a striking contrast, in her young, proud strength and pulsing vitality, to the little thing sitting so demurely, so quietly, on the lowest step of the piazza—a slight fragile girl, with pale, delicate skin, like the petals of a sea-rose, with big, sorrowful eyes of liquid gray—gray as one seldom sees, with warm, bronze lights in their grave, wistful depths; and soft, flossy hair like a child's.

Jessamine herself was so like a child that her eighteen years of delicate girlhood seemed almost a dream to look back upon—to that time when she was left, a motherless baby, on the hands of the landlord of the little inn, where a gentle-voiced, sad-eyed woman, herself scarce more than a girl, had laid down her own life, and given to the mercies of utter strangers this little waif, who, from that hour when the dying mother had whispered "Call it Jessamine," to the midsummer day when she sat on the farm-house steps, looking up into Maude Trevanion's face, had known no home but Horton farm. No parents except the big-souled, rough-voiced farmer and his gentle, blue-eyed little wife, whose heart was equally divided between Jessie and her own child—big, stalwart, handsome John, who was heir to all the wealth of the estate, and who lorded it already over everybody, after his ownjovious, frank, phlegmy way, for which everybody, from Jessamine clear up to Miss Trevanion, adored him.

Jessamine was sitting very demurely and quietly on the lower step of the porch that lovely, sunny day, when Maude Trevanion came to the edge of the piazza, so beautiful, so strengthful, so soft-voiced and smiling, as she first looked down upon, and then spoke to Jessamine.

"A silver penny for your thoughts, Jessie; although I am sure I can guess about what they are. You are wondering what it means—that Mr. Horton and his mother have gone to the city to-day to buy, with that old waiter stuffed full of bank-notes."

Her bright eyes did not betray the eagerness she felt, nor did she allow her own, even tones to manifest it.

Jessamine had flushed over so slightly when Maude's voice had startled her from her dreamy little reverie, and the mention of John Horton's name had deepened it a little; for it was of handsome John, who was always so good, so thoughtful, so tender, that her girlish heart was dreaming.

The practical matter-of-factness of Maude's question dissipated the slight confusion she imagined, and wrongly, that Maude had not seen.

Her voice was very sweet—soft as Maude's own—and with a true melody in it.

"Yes, I know, for auntie told me"—she had been taught to call Mrs. Horton auntie. "They are going to refurnish the parlor, and buy a piano, and John is to have a chamber-set of walnut, marble tops."

Her pink blue eyes were looking innocently into the half-mocking dark

ones, whose expression matched Maude's lips as she replied:

"Of course I know all that—John consulted me about the parlor carpet and the bed room suit. But I ask you if you knew what it was all for?"

Jessamine looked surprised.

"All for? Why for nothing, but to have the house look nice and more fashionable. What else would it be for?"

Maude spread her rustling silk skirt over the clean steps, as she sat down.

"Is it possible that you don't know any more than that, Jessie? Why didn't you guess there was going to be a wedding?"

The gray eyes opened suddenly wider.

"A wedding? Why, no! Whose wedding, Maude?"

There was a slow drawing of white pain on her face; of which she was not conscious; but Maude saw it and was satisfied.

"You baby! Why, John's of course! Whose would it be?"

Her earnest, pale-stricken eyes were looking so searchingly into Maude's face, and Maude blushed and turned away in a pretty confusion of manner, that startled Jessamine with the truth.

"How do you suppose I know, Jessie, unless—unless—"

Jessamine stifled the pang that was tearing at her heart, and finished the coquettishly hesitating sentence:

"Unless you have a right to know, Maude. Tell me, please, her name?"

Her heart told her who it was—she did not need to have Maude's lips confirm the truth she felt in her own soul; and yet she felt that if there was a shadow of a possibility that she was mistaken, Maude's were the lips to tell her so. So, with an agonizing little prayer, away down in her heart, that she might be mistaken, she put the question.

And Maude laughed, and evaded it gracefully.

"I was afraid you wouldn't like it, Jessie, knowing so well as I do that you are in love with John yourself, and—"

"Maude Trevanion, stop!"

Jessamine fairly gasped the words, and her face grew white and stony; but Maude went on—softly, gently, mercilessly:

"I speak in all kindness, dear, and you will thank me some day—when John's wife comes, and you will find what I have said is true, that you will no longer be welcome in the house where you will almost be a rival to her. You will thank me for telling you, so that you can get away without anybody's feelings being hurt—for of course the future Mrs. John Horton will not want you here, and the old people would hate to send you away, delicate, weak as you are."

"A hot, scarlet wave rushed over Jessamine's face. This from the 'future Mrs. John Horton' herself!

"No one shall send me!" she exclaimed, passionately. "I know as well as you I have no business here, and you can tell the future Mrs. Horton I will never trouble her!"

The sweet, pained voice quivered, and she walked hurriedly away, as if the brilliantly beautiful face was a Medusa head; while Maude's red lips slowly curved into a smile of triumph, contempt, satisfaction, as she watched the slender, willowy figure.

"She is dispensed with, at all events. As if I hadn't read both her secret and her pride! And with her out of the sight of John Horton, it shall not be my fault if he does not propose to me, as that credulous little fool thinks he has already done! We will see whether or not the new furniture is for John's wedding and mine!"

The round harvest moon was coming slowly up the dark blue sky, looking like a great golden ball, and Jessamine, with her eyes looking as if they had never known a tear, so bright and clear they were, for all she had been crying all the afternoon, for all her foolish little heart was throbbing and pulsing with pain—Jessamine was waiting, beside the big, flagrant, syringa bush, for John Horton to come.

"I will hear it from his own lips, that he is going to be married to Maude Trevanion, and if he is, I will go away to New York, where I will be able to earn my living in some of the stores. I've heard Maude tell about—where I will not be in their way."

And she stifled the sobs she felt were coming, as John Horton's firm, quick footsteps seemed near by, and the tall, handsome fellow came striding along in the golden moonlight, looking grand, manly enough to win any girl's heart.

He stopped short when he saw her, and took her hand caressingly in his and drew it through his arm.

"Waiting for me, Jessie? That's good of you, puss. What a glorious night it is!"

Jessamine plucked up all her courage.

"I was waiting for you, John, to ask you—whether or not—whether it is true—whether—if John, it is really true you are going to be married?"

Her sweet face was pale with earnestness, and John looked down on it, half amazed, half gravely tender.

"What of it, dear? Surely you will not be displeased? Tell me who told you, Jessie?"

Her face was averted, for her rebellious lips were trembling—he had said good as admitted it!

"Never mind, John—I heard it, and I wanted to know if I was true, so I might tell you how truly happy I hope you will be."

John caressed her fingers softly, a soft, subdued light on his face, a great tenderness in his handsome eyes.

"Truly happy? I could not fail of being perfectly happy, Jessie, with the

darling I have dared hope—Oh, Maude, I beg pardon! We came very near running over you!"

And seeing how easy Miss Trevanion accepted her own intrusion—no, of course it could not be an intrusion, when John was her lover—little Jessamine stole away, with her last hope crushed, her one earthly happiness trampled down.

"I will go—I must go! I should die if I stayed here and saw them!"

And while Miss Trevanion sang sentimental songs on the front piazza, and John Horton sat tilted back in his chair, listening and thinking—we shan't tell what—Jessamine was quietly explaining to "Auntie Horton," in the kitchen, the necessity of her own future dependence on her own exertions, and succeeded in coaxing from that gentle yielding old lady the direction of a distant relative in the city, who might aid in procuring her a pleasant situation.

"Whatever John will say, I daren't think," she began plaintively; but Jessamine smiled faintly.

"John will not care, and he need not know until after I am gone. He and Maude are so much taken up with each other, they'll never miss me, and I shall really like it so."

Mrs. Horton stared through her gold-rimmed glasses at the girl's truthful, lovely face; and then, when she turned around to peep at the sponge just set, a grand, motherly smile broadened her old face.

The afternoon sunshine came hot and bright through the one uncurtained window of the forlorn little station, where Jessamine was patiently sitting, waiting for the three fifteen train, that should take her up—away from the sweet, wide, country she had known all her life—away from John Horton and the dear old home—and deposit her among the bustle and confusing strangeness, and stifling heat, and crowded misery of the metropolis.

She was unspeakably miserable and home-sick. The red chimney of the farm-house, gleaming picturesquely among the button-balls a quarter-mile away, seemed thousands of miles distant, judging by the lonely pain she felt, sitting there, solitary, on her self-instituted term of banishment, and shrinking off in one corner of the car-seat, after the long, dusty, shrieking train had stopped a second, in obedience to the little red flag she had hung out, and then dashed on, away into the new, strange world—the new, strange, lonely life.

It was dark when she reached the city—hot, breathless hot, and horribly noisy and dirty. And oh, what had Maude Trevanion told her John wouldn't care for her after he was married? What had made everything so miserable and tangled up, and desolate?

Her tears were coming in great salt gushes, and she was wearily getting her little shawl and big satchel together, to leave the almost deserted train, with a heart heavier than lead, when a firm hand was laid on her shoulder, and her name, in a low, reproachful tone, was almost whispered in her ear.

"Jessamine?"

She turned startled at first—then, with a sudden bliss at her heart, met John Horton's eyes.

"You would persist in running away from home, and I was just as persistent in following you, Jessie! I just caught the train—by the rear car, too. So you are trying to get away from me, are you Jessamine?"

Her eyes filled with tears.

"Oh, John, how could I stay after what she said? I would much rather go than be told I wasn't wanted, or to stay and be unwelcome! You have been so good to me, John!"

John's face was a perfect picture of bewilderment.

"Really, I cannot fathom one word of all this mystery, Jessie. Who told you that you were likely to be unwelcome at my house or my mother's home?"

He had coolly captured her satchel and shawl, and was looking at her very curiously.

"Your betrothed, John—and she ought to know, Miss Trevanion!"

John's lips suddenly parted over his handsome teeth.

"Oh! yes, I see! And so I am engaged to Miss Trevanion, am I? Jessie—you jealous, loving little darling! I never thought of being engaged to her—bold, scheming creature!—nor is there but one girl in the world I would be engaged to. Jessie, look at me, and see in my eyes who she is! Tell me if she says yes, after my chasing her a hundred miles for the answer."

And Miss Trevanion paid her board-bill, with the inward conviction that the Hortons and she would remain apart for the future, which conviction was well sustained by the Hortons; while to dear, foolish, loving, jealous Jessamine came such undreamed-of happiness that it more than a thousand-fold atoned.

WHY HE DIDN'T.

"But, Judge, you never told me why you did not marry Miss Van Horn. We all thought that matter was settled, but suddenly we were surprised by the news that you had married a stranger in the city, and Helen Van Horn was left desolate. I wonder what has become of her; she must have married well, however, she had a fine chance to choose, for there was scarcely a good match in the city that was not at her command at one time."

"Yes, yes," answered the gentleman addressed—Judge Hume; a distinguished, handsome, intelligent-looking man of about forty-five years of age; a successful lawyer, who had some years before been raised to the judicial bench almost by acclamation—"no woman could have married better than Helen Van Horn. Why I did not marry her is a short, simple story, not without a moral; and I will tell it if you care to hear it. I have never told it before, even to my wife, ludicrous as some of its phases are. So take a cigar—you will find it a good one—and hear how, possibly, Helen Van Horn is not Mrs. Hume to-day."

"You knew her father," began the Judge, "and will remember that he was reputed to be very rich. However, it turned out, upon his death, and after his debts were paid, that there was left a mere pittance for Helen, obliging her the petted child of fortune, to live with extreme economy ever since."

"Do you mean to say that she has never married?" asked his guest.

"Married!" repeated Hume; "no indeed! and in that may be seen the moral of my story to which I referred. But do not let us anticipate; let us begin at the beginning."

"One evening, going to fulfil an engagement with Miss Van Horn, as the servant ushered me unannounced into the parlor, I found her engaged in an animated conversation with a singularly handsome young man, who, I saw at a glance, might readily become a formidable rival, and I felt for the instant a sharp pang of that unnamable, disconcerting passion, jealousy. But as my entrance had been unobserved, I was able to recover myself before saying, in my blandest manner, 'Good evening.' The gentleman started, and still returned my bow. As for Helen, with suffused cheeks she said, 'Why, Mr. Hume, I did not hear you at all; you are absolutely as gentle as a lamb.'"

"Somewhat angry at her satirical tone, I observed that she was engaged in conversation and probably did not hear me enter, and added that I had called to attend her to the gallery to see the picture she was anxious about."

"But really, Mr. Hume," she said, somewhat confusedly, looking from the stranger to me, "I had entirely forgotten all about it, and so promised Mr. Churchill here to accompany him to see 'Richelle' to-night."

"I glanced toward the stranger and he returned the glance with a slight frown on his face. Miss Van Horn continued, 'But oh! I beg your pardon, gentlemen, I had forgotten you were not acquainted with each other. Mr. Hume, this is my friend, Mr. Churchill, of Richmond,' and she carelessly fell back into the chair, from which she had half risen for the moment."

"I am sorry Miss Van Horn has so treacherous a memory; but I hope, Mr. Churchill—with your approval—can be prevailed upon to defer his engagement, for I assure you the picture is a rare gem, and well worth seeing. I persisted in this because I had become slightly pained by the indolent way of receiving the homage paid her, and there seemed to be a gleam of triumph in the face of my rival."

"The young man looked at me gravely, then silently turned to Miss Van Horn for some expression of her wishes. He was evidently very much displeased at my interruption of their tea time, and was sufficiently ruffled by the lady to be seriously ruffled by my seeming rivalry; he was not altogether pleased with the fact that she seemed careless with respect to her engagements, which did not accord with his standard of women. He was a well educated, comely young man of good fortune, accustomed to be well received by women, and yet—as he afterwards told me—he could not help for the moment some apprehension that the lady's choice for the evening might go against him, for you know I was called quite a lady's man in those days."

"As for Miss Van Horn, she sat, meanwhile, demurely toying with a large tassel suspended from the arm of her easy chair for a moment, as if in deliberation, then exclaimed: 'Really I am sure it must be very wrong in me to be so thoughtful, is it not?' Here a captivating smile illumined her beautiful features and parted her bewitched lips, just discovering the pearly teeth between them, and she added, 'Will you not settle the question, gentlemen, between yourselves?'

"The matter must be arranged in some way, and as I was the most intimate friend of the family, and my rival a comparative stranger, I was about to magnanimously withdraw my pretensions and leave the field, when suddenly there was a loud ring at the front door, and Miss Van Horn started to her feet with the exclamation: 'Ah, that must be Mr. DeStulus! what an unfortunate, thoughtless girl I am, for I do believe I am engaged to go to the opera with him to-night!'

"That quickly settled the question in dispute between Mr. Churchill and myself; and with a common impulse we

both rose to our feet, smiled at each other pleasantly, and with mere a hurried 'good evening' to Miss Van Horn, I stooped for my hat, which had fallen from my hand in my surprise, and struck my head against the corner of the piano. Mr. Churchill rushed into the hall, almost upsetting the diminutive DeStulus, whom he met, the very picture of effeminacy and ultra-foppishness.

"Descending to the sidewalk where the brilliant equipage of DeStulus, met our view, we both simultaneously burst into a laugh that seemed to break the ice between us, for we walked off together for several squares. As I complained of a severe pain in my eyes from he blow I had received, my companion said, 'I hope, Mr. Hume, will pardon my recent rude persistence in my fancied engagement with our fair acquaintance, and let us be good friends out of sympathy for the denouement. As we are here at my hotel, let us enter and drink to the good fortune of Mr. DeStulus.'

"I gladly accepted the invitation, and we were engaged in a pleasant conversation when a loud noise was heard in the street, mingled with the cry of a woman in distress.

"Suddenly starting to our feet we rushed forward to render assistance. The first object that met our sight was Helen Van Horn, covered with mud, but happily more frightened than hurt. DeStulus was also in a wretched plight, but too much engrossed, as might be expected from such a creature, with his own mishap, to give the least attention to his associate in misfortune, whom he left to struggle to her feet unaided, and to make her way to the sidewalk, where her recent visitors met her, and where she hysterically explained how a truck, against which DeStulus' carriage had been carelessly driven, had left them stranded in the muddy street, fortunately and marvelously, however, without broken bones.

"Churchill called a carriage and we escorted the wretched demoiselle back to her residence, at the door of which we congratulated her upon her lucky escape, and bid her 'good night.'

"My friend then proposed that we should at once drive to the opera, where he hoped we might meet a party of his friends, to whom he would be pleased to introduce me, and in whose society we would find success for our disappointments in regard to Miss Van Horn. I assented. Churchill's friends were met as he had promised, and among them were two beautiful sisters, so attractive that they speedily drew all thoughts of a mere handsome girl, superficial and spoiled, like Helen Van Horn, out of the head of Churchill as well as my own. A charming evening at the opera ripened into a serious attachment on the part of Churchill and myself for these sisters, which ended in our marriage, and no one ever had juster reason for saying,

"There is a divinity that shapes our ends, though it shapes them not as we wish."

I did not marry Miss Van Horn, and also now two men, for a moment about to be made enemies through the reckless, unscrupulous coquetry of an inferior, heartless woman, by a happy stroke of fortune became friends and brothers.

"As for Helen Van Horn, she still lives in single blessedness, and upon the memory of her many conquests, finding her chief gratification for some years past in recounting the various eligible offers she had refused, including always Churchill and myself among her rejected suitors. A heavy speculation into which DeStulus had been beguiled about the time of Miss Van Horn's triple engagements for the same evening, resulted so disastrously for him that her doors were at once rigidly closed upon that admirer, who disappeared like a quenched meteor from society. Meanwhile occurred the death of old Mr. Van Horn, which, as I have said, left the daughter no other attraction than mere physical beauty, that had now become so used that it ceased to please marriageable men, and she was no longer able to make three engagements for one evening."

"Hers has indeed been a life of lost opportunities."

He Would Have It.

The demand for blueglass has been so great during the past few weeks that an advertiser in the paper, whose stock was nearly exhausted, resorted to the following method to obtain exorbitant prices for what he had left.

A customer comes in and asks: "Have you any blue glass?"

"Yes, we have a little; I believe, one pane. What do you want for it? Is it for a lady or gentleman?"

"It is for my wife."

"Well, the glass used for ladies has been so much called for, that we have only a few feet left."

Customer: "Well, I must have some. I can get it. I have been to several places."

Salesman: Take a seat, sir, and I will send back and see. Tom, have we any No. 84 left?"

Tom: "I will look." Hunts for blue glass, and returns saying there is just one piece, about 7x13.

Salesman: "Well, we don't want to sell it all; we are very sorry, sir."

Customer: "I will give you your own price for that piece?"

Salesman: "Well, you can have it for two dollars; but I would rather keep it." And he got his price.

—The New York Open Stock Board has disbanded, and the Gold Board will close up May 1st.

The Silk-Worm.

Is a caterpillar and if it lived through the existence intended for it would eventually become a moth, which naturalists call a bombyx. It was discovered a great many years ago that they produced a fine article of silk which might be used with advantage in the manufacture of different garments; in other words that "there was money in them." Consequently they have since been carefully fed and treated. The caterpillar thrives best upon the leaves of the white mulberry. After hatching from the egg it feeds voraciously, moults three or four times, and attains a length of about three inches, being of a pale green color. It now ceases eating and prepares the cocoon in which it is to pass the chrysalis state. If you would know the exact method in which this cocoon is constructed you have only to capture a few of the large green caterpillars so common upon the willow during summer and watch them for they both perform the operation in exactly the same manner. They are near relatives to each other. The substance from which the silk is produced is contained in two long sacs, one on either side of the body. A thread from each sac passes through a tube or duct in the front of the head, where they are cemented together by a kind of gum forming one thread. The caterpillar first forms a loose, irregular structure, inside of which it constructs the firmer oval cocoon of one continued thread by moving his head around from point to point in a zig zag course. If left alone he would after a while complete his development, make his way through the end of the cocoon and become a handsome moth. But under cultivation, by steaming or otherwise the greater part of the chrysalids are killed within the cocoon. By placing the cocoon in warm water the gummy cement is softened, so that the silk may be reeled off. The cocoon of one healthy caterpillar will produce from 600 to 1,000 yards of silk thread.

Although what I have told you has been in great part interesting facts in the life-histories of insects, you may have noticed that in the investigation of the embryology and metamorphosis of insects, other facts have been discovered which in a commercial point of view are of incalculable value to us, and from which we are all of us every day deriving benefit.

The discrimination of noxious insects from those we can utilize, the medicinal properties of certain species and the finding out of the exact stage at which time insects are most damaging to our crops, and the best means of preventing the same, are all subjects of great importance to us.

The Little Bear.

The Little Bear is a small but most interesting constellation. I do not think that the Little Bear, like the larger one, was so named because of any imagined resemblance to a bear. The original constellation of the Great Bear was much older than the Little Bear, and so many different nations agreed in comparing the group to a bear, that there must have been real resemblance to that animal in the constellation as first figured. Later, when star-maps came to be arranged by astronomers who had never seen bears, they supposed the three bright stars forming the handle of the Dipper to represent the tail of the bear, though the bear is not a long-tailed animal. They thus set three stars for the bear's tail, and the quadrangle of stars forming the dipper for the bear's body. It was not formed by fanciful folks in the childhood of the world, but by astronomers. Yet it must not be imagined that the constellation is a modern one. It not only belongs to old Ptolemy's list, but is mentioned by Aratus, who borrowed his astronomy from Eudoxus, who flourished (as the school-books call it) about 360 years before the Christian era. It is said that Thales formed the constellation, in which case it must have reached the respectable age of about 2500 years.

But if the Little Bear is not a very fine animal, it is a most useful constellation. From the time when the Phoenicians were as celebrated merchant seamen as the Venetians afterward became, and as the English speaking nations now are, this star-group has been the cynosure of every sailor's regard. In fact, the word "cynosure" was originally a name given either to the whole of this constellation or to a part of it. Cynosure has become quite a poetical expression in our time, but it means literally "the dog's tail."

Admiral Smyth gives some particulars about the two stars in the Little Bear called the "guardians of the pole." "Records tells us," he says, "in the 'Castle of Knowledge,' nearly three hundred years ago, that navigators used two pointers in Ursa—'which many do call the Shafte, and others do name the Guardas, after the Spanish tongue,' Richard Eden, in 1584, published his 'Arte of Navigation,' and therein gave rules for the 'starres,' among which are special directions for the two called the guards, in the month of the 'horne,' as the figure was called. 'The pole-star would mark the small end of the horne.' 'How often,' says Hervey in his 'Meditations,' 'have these stars beamed bright intelligence on the sailor and conducted the keel to its destined haven!'"—St. Nicholas.

—Rev. Dr. Houghton has been pastor of the "Little Church Around the Corner" for twenty-seven years.

—At Florence, Arizona, there is a restaurant kept by a Chinaman, with a Mexican wife, a negro cook and a white man for a waiter.

NEWS IN BRIEF.

—There are 1,110 students in the University of Michigan at the present time.

—Daguerre, who gave a name to the daguerrotype, is to have a monument in Paris.

—Sir George B. Airy has been Astronomer Royal of England for over forty years.

—The State of Virginia will collect a tax of one cent on each drink of liquor sold at a bar.

—The butter and egg trade of Webster City, Iowa, last season aggregated nearly \$80,000.

—In point of railroad mileage Germany heads European countries. In proportion to area, Belgium.

—Fred Grant has been sent to the State prison for burglary, but it was Fred Grant who lived in Rockland, Me.

—George Macdonald, the novelist, has eleven children, and the boys and girls alternate regularly through the whole number.

—General Hancock is to be assigned to the Southern military district again, much to the satisfaction of the residents of Louisiana.

—English capitalists have loaned to foreign countries a total of \$335,044,423, which they are not likely to get back again.

—The Home for Women, founded in New York by the late A. T. Stewart, has been fully furnished, and will shortly be opened.

—A grand ball is to be given in Music Hall, Boston on the 9th of April, in aid of the old South Preservation Fund. Save the old church.

—The German Postmaster General proposes the introduction of postal cards serving for all countries in the Postal Union, at the price of one penny each.

—Soup houses are growing in favor all over Germany, owing to the distress caused by business depression and the resulting hard times among working people.

—Mrs. Jackson, of Boston, spends her time in collecting money with which to redeem articles pawned by poor people in that city during the past hard winter.

—Manufactures of wood at Chicago number 226, with a capital of \$7,671,000; employ 9,263 hands, pay \$4,013,570 for wages and produce goods to the amount of \$18,807,000.

—The Dominion Government is said to have under consideration the question of an appropriation to have Canada properly represented at the Paris Exhibition of 1878.

—In England in 1873 iron and steel rails were selling at £15 and £22 per ton, respectively; now, they may be had for £5 5s. and £7 5s. Pig iron has fallen to less than half its price in 1873.

—The old Schuyler mansion at Albany, N. Y., where General Burgoyne was confined after his surrender at Saratoga, belongs to the widow of ex-President Fillmore, who at present resides in Buffalo.

—A Baltimore inventor is ruined. He invented a kind of air cushion for women's bustles, put all his money into their manufacture, and now a change of fashion has left the stock valueless on his hands.

—The Prince of Wales has decided to place his two eldest sons on the ship-of-war Britannia, in order that they may be subject to naval discipline, although not necessarily with the view to adopting the navy as a profession.

—A statistical Parisian boot-maker has recently given American ladies the distinction of having the smallest feet by nature among their sex, and from then he ascends in the order of Spanish, Italians, Russians and English to the Germans.

—The Rhode Island Fish Commissioners put 120,000 salmon and 20,000 land-locked salmon into the various rivers of that State last year, and stocked twenty-five ponds with black bass. Their efforts in shad culture have proved very successful.

—At the old King's Arms Inn, Lancaster, England, is one of the three clovents invented and constructed by Ben Franklin. It has three wheels and strikes the hour. It is soon to be sold with a number of other curious and historical objects.

—Secretary Schurz can speak fluently in the English, German and French languages, and it is said that his gift enables him a good deal of trouble as it enables office-seekers of three nationalities to weary him with eloquence in their native tongue.

—It is estimated that about 10,000 of French revolutionists who participated in the revolution of the Commune are now in the United States, of whom about 2,000 reside in New York city. About 10,000 are still held in penal servitude at New Caledonia.

—Comptroller Hubbard of Connecticut refused to purchase the portrait of Sir Edmund Andros, which the Legislature authorized him to buy, on the ground that the subject was not worthy of a place among the Governors of the State. The Senate sustained him.

—Mr. James Irvine, the great sheep farmer, of Los Angeles county, California, intends to kill thirty-nine thousand sheep on account of the drought which prevails in that region. He owns altogether about forty-five thousand sheep and one hundred and seven thousand acres of land.

—A large number of Roman coins and an enameled brooch, inclosed in a handsome vase, were dug up in London the other day, by some workmen who were laying gas pipes. The coins bore inscriptions which showed them to be of the reigns of the Roman Emperors between 81 and 195 A. D.

—Madame Bonaparte, of Baltimore, is now in her ninety-fourth year, and it seems probable she may yet realize her expressed wish to live to be one hundred years old. Though feeble, she maintains full possession of her mental faculties, and takes an active interest in public affairs, especially abroad.

—An oft projected scheme, the Euphrates Valley Railway, is now to be brought forward in earnest. When the work is completed passengers will be able to start from London and, excepting for the passage, go the whole way to India by rail. The time which the trip will occupy is something short of eleven days.

THE REPUBLICAN.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY MORNING BY F. & L. W. GRANT.

Terms of Subscription:

one year in advance \$2.00
or paid in advance 3.00

Terms of Advertising:

square of 10 lines or less, first insertion 10 cents
subsequent insertions 5 cents

ANNOUNCEMENT OF CANDIDATES.

County Officers. \$5.00
State Officers. 10.00

Rates of Advertising:

square of 10 lines, three months \$5.00
square six months 10.00
square twelve months 15.00

Celestial Enjoyment.

After the labor of the day is over the Chinese man in San Francisco goes himself to the club room, theatre and den for an evening's enjoyment. The club rooms are filled nightly. The Chinese man is an inveterate gambler. With him it is one of the necessities of life. He will stifle his stomach to have a few cents to gratify his insatiable desire to win or lose. He does not seem to care what the game is. It is said that in many places in China it is no unusual sight to see rich merchants carrying their money in large grasshoppers in the large sleeves of their coats. A certain mark is placed upon each insect. A saucer is produced, and two of the beetles are placed in it to fight a battle. The respective owners make their bets, and the battle goes on until one or the other of the insects are killed. The time thing is done with tame quails, which are bred and tamed in the same manner as gamecocks. Since the effect of raids made by the police upon the game of tan-tan, and the severe penalties imposed upon all who are arrested for playing it, that game has been generally abandoned. The game which is now universally played is "dominoes." Instead of playing the game as the Chinese do, the Chinese mix the dominoes well together. Two dice are thrown for the choice. The man getting the highest number of spots on the dice draws off the first six dominoes. The second best throw takes second choice, and so on. The game is generally played by four persons. The first choice then plays first domino. At the end of the game pieces of Chinese coin are given out. These coins represent a certain amount in American money. All the bets are settled outside of the club room. In this way the Chinese are enabled to gratify his passion for gambling without trespassing upon the city laws prohibiting banking games. It happens sometimes that a police officer arrests a domino player by mistake. He sees the dice shaken, and being ignorant of the game, thinks that the men are playing a dice game. The Chinese have been raised so much during the past year that the appearance of a police officer at the door of one of their club rooms instantly creates a panic, and it requires the assurance of the officer that everything is "all right" to quiet them down.

Distribution of Animals by Swimming.

Very few mammals can swim over any considerable extent of sea although many can swim well for short distances. The jagular traverses the widest streams in South America, and the beaver and bison cross the Mississippi, and there can be no doubt that they could swim over equal widths of salt water, and if accidentally carried out to sea, might sometimes succeed in reaching islands many miles distant. Contrary to the common notion, pigs swim remarkably well. Sir Charles Hall tells us in his *Principles of Geography* that during the floods in Scotland in 1829 some pigs only six weeks old that were carried out to sea swam five miles and got on shore again. He also states, on the authority of the late Edward Forbes, that a pig jumped overboard to escape from a terrier in the Grecian Archipelago, and swam safely to shore, many miles distant. These facts render it probable that wild pigs, from their greater strength and activity, might under favorable circumstances cross arms of the sea twenty or thirty miles wide; and there are facts in the distribution of this tribe of animals which seem to indicate that they have sometimes done so. Deer take boldly to the water, and can swim considerable distances, but we have no evidence to show how long they could live at sea or how many miles they could traverse. Squirrels, rats, and lemmings often emigrate from Northern countries in bands of thousands and hundreds of thousands, and pass over rivers, lakes, and even arms of the sea; but they generally perish in the salt-water. Admitting, however, the powers of most mammals to swim considerable distances, we have no reason to believe that any of them could traverse without help a strait of upward of twenty miles in width, while in most cases a channel of half that distance would prove an actual barrier.—Harper's Magazine.

Prayer is a shield to the soul, a sacrifice to God, and a scourge to Satan.—Bunyan.

"GIVE HIM A LIFT."

Give him a lift! Don't kneel in prayer, Nor moralize with his despair; The man is down and his great need Is ready help—not prayer and creed. "Time that the wounds are washed and healed, That the Christy motives be revealed; But now, whatever the spirit may be, Mere words are but a mockery. One grain of aid just now is more To him than tones of saintly lore! Pray, if you must, in your full heart: But give him a lift!—give him a start. The world is full of good advice, Of prayer, and praise, and preaching nice; But the generous souls who aid mankind Are scarce as gold and hard to find. Give like a Christian—speak in deeds; A noble life's the best of creeds; And he shall wear a royal crown Who gives 'em a lift when they are down.

Daisy's Courtship.

The old fashioned kitchen door stood wide open, and the strong, sweet west wind poured through the sanded floorboards, swaying in slow, graceful waves the blue muslin skirts of Daisy May's morning wrapper as she stood beside the table arranging a pile of stemless flowers in a shallow glass dish. "Indeed, I'll never marry a farmer, auntie. I love the country well enough—here, at home, where nothing but the poetry of it falls to me—gathering flowers, drinking creamy milk, sketching shady spots, driving wherever I want to, and always sent luscious things to eat—and in winter rides and sleighing, and plenty of books and my music." "And John Maurice?" Her aunt asked the name very tersely at the end of the long list of attractions; then watched to see the effect on Daisy's face. "The pretty lips pouted charmingly. "Maurice! Oh, John's good enough, of course; but—" "It's a good thing you have got over your foolish attachment to him, Daisy, for he's going to be married soon. Engaged to one of the prettiest girls you ever saw—a Miss Winchester, visiting at Castledean's." Daisy's eyes grew a little darker, and then she elevated her eyebrows coldly. "He's engaged, is he? Oh, well, that's perfectly natural, I suppose. I suppose Miss Winchester, did you say?—I suppose she is a decided blonde, and petite?" Daisy didn't say that Maurice had often sworn that there was no other style of beauty for him but Daisy's own. "Oh, bless you, no! Miss Winchester is tall, almost as tall as John, and very stately, and a lovely brunette. Everybody thinks John a lucky fellow." Daisy rose and took down her garden hat. "I dare say he is—only I never could see what there was about those tall, dark women to captivate anybody. I'm going over to Minnie Castledean's while Mary watched the *petite*, graceful figure in the navy blue foulard cambric, and white tulle-trimmed hat, tied over the clustering, floating curls, and nodded her head wisely and smiled serenely. "You darling—you perfect darling to come to us. Daisy, I've been just dying to see you and have you at home again. We're going to have the most jolly time this summer, you know. The house is full, and there is Nellie Winchester especially I want you to know, and the handsomest young officer on leave—Gus brought him up—Colonel Cressington; and we've impressed John Maurice—remember John? He's the handsomest fellow beats the colonel, I tell you, and Nellie's just bewitched after him." And Daisy laughed and assented, and declared she half remembered John Maurice, and was dying to see Miss Winchester, and intended inaugurating a flirtation at once with the military gentleman. Minnie rattled on, as seventeen-year old girls have a way of doing. "It's too bad! Nell's gone down to the city to-day to buy ribbons for the picnic—oh, you'll surely be here next Tuesday for our picnic at Eagle's Head, Daisy? I suppose John Maurice will take Nellie, and I am sure Colonel Cressington will be delighted to be your escort." "Colonel Cressington will be happier than ever before in his life, if he may have that honor, Miss Minnie." When her morning call was over, Colonel Cressington insisted on walking home with her, and Daisy permitted it, not because he was so handsome and so entertaining, or she so pleased with him, but because—well, she felt a little provoked at hearing so many praises of the lady to whom John Maurice was engaged; and somehow it made her feel better to flirt a little. And, as if the very fates themselves were propitious, who should she and her gallant cavalier meet, face to face for the first time in three years to Daisy, but John Maurice! John Maurice—so perfectly splendid in his clear, dark, manly beauty, his stylish clothes—everything just as it should be. This John Maurice—and engaged to Nellie Winchester! Daisy's heart gave a bound as he extended a hand which she saw had a plain gold ring on the little finger. And then she crushed all the joy she had felt at seeing him, and gave him her hand with a cool, graceful little bow. "Daisy May! Is it possible? Why,

you are prettier than ever, and—I declare, Daisy, I am awfully glad you're home again." He was so easily familiar, so frank—and engaged to her? Daisy smiled. "Thank you, Mr. Maurice, for your good will. I am glad to see you." It was very proper, very ladylike, but a shadow came over John's handsome face. "I hope I shall see you often, Daisy. You'll be at the picnic on Tuesday? Cressington, keep that sunshade over her head. Good bye till I see you again." His horse was prancing restlessly, and he was off like a dart and out of sight when Daisy bowed good-bye to her unformed gallant at the gate. "What a handsome fellow John Maurice has grown to be, hasn't he now?"

Daisy was sipping her coffee slowly that Tuesday morning—a cloudless June day, that the gods had arranged for the Castledean party's picnic, and Daisy, her lovely golden hair brushed off her forehead in loose burnished waves, and caught at the back of the head with pale blue ribbons, was impatiently trying to get through her toilet. Her uncle buttered a slice of home-made bread with keen relish. "You might travel a seven years' journey and not come across his equal. And he's lucky, too. He sold his interest in that railroad for ten times what he gave, enough to buy him the prettiest farm in the country—Edge Wirt, and his stocked first-class, I can tell you. He's bound to make a fortune, and they say that Winchester girl'll bring him considerable." "He'll never think of her money, He's not that kind of a man at all." Aunt Mary stole a glance at the girl's face. "John's a splendid fellow and his wife'll be the happiest woman going. I do say, Daisy, nothing would have pleased your uncle and I better if John had taken a notion to you." "You should have said if I had taken a notion to John. But you see—I haven't." She threw a kiss coquettishly, and vanished through the door to have a foolish cry up in her room before she dressed herself. And when Colonel Cressington drove up in his two horse phaeton, he thought he never had seen such a perfect picture of girlish beauty and happiness in all his life. And Maurice dashed by in his chaise with Nellie Winchester, radiant in white muslin and rose hued ribbons, in time to get a bow and gleaming smile from Daisy, and to think, with another of those shadows on his face that Daisy had seen before, that Colonel Cressington and Daisy were good—very good friends.

The long summer day had crept pleasantly along, and the lengthened shadows were warning the gay picnickers it was time to be preparing to return. Colonel Cressington and Nellie Winchester had strolled off arm in arm an hour before, and Minnie Castledean and a dozen others were lounging on the soft sward, gossiping, laughing and enjoying a *dolce far niente* generally, while Maurice was walking about unobserved, unremembered by the others, with his head bent down as if in close search for something lost—his ring that had until several minutes before he had not missed, and missing, had at once commenced to hunt for it. Not that it was so valuable. But a pained white look on his face that had been there at intervals all day intensified as he thought how dear that simple band was to him and why. He went on and on, separating further and further from the party, until, sobbing, low, indistinct, as if unsuccessfully suppressed, but unmistakably attracted his attention, and a second's continuance in the direction he was going brought him in full view of Daisy May, with her head bowed on her hands and her frame convulsed with violent weeping, and glistening on her fair finger the circlet of gold for which he was searching.

Seeing him she sprung to her feet, and dashing the tears from her eyes said: "I found your ring, Mr. Maurice." She drew it off her finger and handed it to him, calling all the powers of an unhappy, foolish little head to aid her to make her strong and indifferent—who had been sitting there kissing and crying over John's engagement ring. John took the ring, and holding it between his fingers and thumb, looked in her face, with his own pale and eager. "Daisy, tell me you were crying because you love me. Is it so? Daisy, my only, my own darling. I almost dread to have your answer, for I fear it will be no. But—do you love me, my darling?" A sudden glory flashed over her face, her very soul looking out of her eyes. Then her lips quivered piteously. "Oh! John, how can you talk to me so? Nellie Winchester!" He pressed her suddenly close to him and pushed her head down on his shoulder.

"Look up, little one. Nellie Winchester is nothing to me, although rumor has said so. You are all the world to me, darling. Am I so to you? Will you take the ring I bought when I heard you were coming home, and determined to secure you for my own as soon as I saw you? Daisy, I have been engaged to you since I can remember. Will you ratify it?" The common canary is known throughout the civilized world, and is so common as to be cheap in all bird stores; but many of the varieties are rare, and very expensive: these varieties are mostly cultivated in England, however, where the song of a canary is not so much valued as its elegant shape or brilliant color. Germany is the great center whence the world is supplied with singing birds, and in Germany the business of raising the birds and getting them ready to send abroad is chiefly carried on in the villages among the Harz Mountains of Hanover. The people there are miners and cattle-drovers, but, being poor, almost every family devotes its spare time to rearing canaries and making the little wooden cages in which they are carried to the distant railway station or sea-port. The houses are small, and one corner of the principal room is separated from the rest by a light partition, and given to the birds for their own use, where, in cups, boxes, and gourd-shells, they build their nests and hatch their eggs secure from all harm. When the breeding season is over, all the young birds are taken to Bremen or Hamburg, to be sent across the ocean to England, America, or away around to India and China. These voyages are made only in the winter, however, because it was found that in summer traveling the birds lost their voices and plumage; but that season is so cold and stormy that usually from a quarter to a half of the cargo perishes before reaching our shore. So many birds are sent, nevertheless, that probably 25,000 come to New York alive last year from Europe. These are distributed through a large number of bird-shops in the city, and the deafening chorus which is kept up from dawn till dark by a hundred or so singing at the top of their voices in a single room added to the din of small maniaerie of other animals, is something surprising to one the first time he enters.

The Charm of Simple Cookery.

English cooks overdo everything, and the great charm of a French dinner is the simplicity of its dishes, not only in the choice of the ingredients, but even of its sauces. An English fish, for instance, puts butter into her apple sauce, and considers that every joint ought to be accompanied by three vegetables at least, if not by four.

The English host is never so proud as when he sees upon his table some gorgeous dish, such as a salmon *a la Chambord*, or a Normandy sole. Now, carp *a la Chambord*, or club *a la Chambord*—if chub is to be eaten at all—is all very well; for lean and muddy fish require to be thus dressed up. So, too, when a sole is not quite so fresh as it ought to be, an ingenious cook will smother it with mussels, oysters, truffles, onions, mushrooms, and a hundred other such garnishes. But fresh salmon or a fresh sole, cannot be cooked too plainly and simply.

We spoil half our dishes by English barbarism. There is, for instance, only one way to eat an anchovy; but at an English table anchovies are literally served as a vegetable with the meat. Asparagus is similarly desecrated. Salad is taken in conjunction with hot meat, and as often as not on the same plate; while the English idea of salad is that you cannot trust them together. The result, of course, is that each neutralizes the flavor of the other, and what we get is a jumble of lettuce, onion, tarragon, endive, cucumber, beetroot and celery, all mixed up together. The French, who know better than this, allow some one herb to predominate distinctly in every salad. Too much rich cookery may be fatal to a little.—London Examiner.

The Great Wall of China.

Kalgan commands one of the passes through the Great Wall of China. It is there built of large stones cemented together with mortar. It tapers toward the top, being twenty-one feet high and twenty-eight feet wide at the foundation. At the most important points, less than a mile apart, square towers are erected, built of bricks. It winds over the crest of the mountains, crossing the valleys at right angles, blocking them with fortifications. The Chinese estimate its length to be about 3,300 but in parts more remote from Peking the wall is of inferior construction. There is nothing but a dilapidated mud rampart, as Colonel Prejevalsky saw it on the borders of Ala-shan and Kansu. It is said to have been built upwards of two centuries before Christ, to protect the empire against the invasions of the neighboring nomads; but the periodical irruptions of the barbarians were never checked by this artificial barrier.—Blackwood's Magazine.

Sponge and Sponging.

As is well known, sponge is a marine production; and the finer kinds have long been an adjunct to the toilet, the bath, the nursery, and in surgical operations. There are more than two hundred and fifty species. Until within a few years it has for a long time been questioned whether to class it among the animal or the vegetable kingdom. Naturalists now agree that it belongs to the animal kingdom. The finest sponges are always of a pale color, very soft and light, having very small holes. They are found in great abundance in the Mediterranean and adjacent seas, Turkey, Aleppo, and the Grecian Archipelago. Sponges adhere to the rocks at the bottom of the sea and the coast where the water is comparatively shallow. All the finer sponges are procured by diving. The fishing-grounds of Florida cover a wide extent of surface along the coast among the "keys" and adjacent islands. The principal grounds are Rock Island, a scope of land forty miles long by seven miles broad, and sixty miles north of Cedar Keys; St. Mark's eighty-five miles from Cedar Keys; Piney Point, seven miles south of Rock Island, and ten miles from Cedar Keys, extending fifty-five miles; the mouth of the Withlacoochee river, Bay Port to Annex creek, eight miles south to St. Martin's reef, sixteen miles north to Anclote keys—a distance along the coast and islands of nearly three hundred miles. Sponging-fishing on this coast is of much greater magnitude and importance than is generally supposed. The number of vessels engaged is between seventy-five and one hundred, with an average crew of from five to fifteen men to each, and an average of three "dineys" to each vessel. A "diney" is a small boat used to gather the sponge, and is usually manned by two men. There are about six hundred men daily engaged in gathering when the weather is fair. Quiet weather and a calm sea are always taken advantage of. These dineys, when likely to be called into service, are towed Indian-style at the stern of the larger vessel. Each sponger is provided with a sponge-book, made of iron, with three prongs, a socket fitting on a pole one-and-a-half inches thick and from eight to thirty-five feet long; also, a "water-glass"—a bucket with a pane of glass fitted in the bottom. This adds to the power of vision by excluding the light from behind, enables the sponger to penetrate with the eye at least ten or fifteen feet deeper into the water. The "sculler" propels the boat along very slowly. In the meantime the sponger sits hanging over the edge of the diney, with his head at the bucket held by the hand, and the eye penetrating the depths below, taking in all that passes within his line of vision. As soon as he sees his legitimate prey, he raises his sponge-book with his right hand—in which he is assisted by the sculler—still keeping his eye at the glass, grasps the sponge, then puts aside the glass, and hauls it in. Frequently his sight is darkened and his view obstructed by the intervention of the maws of the deep. A huge shark, a saw-fish, or perhaps an enormous devil-fish, and very often large schools of beautiful fish—Spanish mackerel, cavallie, "sailor's choice," "pompano"—pass beneath him in such numbers as to seriously interfere with his occupation. Again, his sight is regaled with lovely coral formations, deep fissures and grottoes, gem-lined within. When a diney-load is gathered, the sponges are taken to the vessel—roots down, eyes up—where they die. This part of sponge-fishing is the most disagreeable, and causes the vessel to be almost unbearable, the sponges exhuming a bloody, slimy matter of most offensive odor—another and palpable evidence of their being things of life. When the vessel has completed her cargo, the sponges are taken to a "crawl"—made of mangrove or oak-stakes driven into the sea of some island—for about a week or ten days. The sponger then goes into the "crawl" with a "bruiser"—a small paddle—and with a few strokes on the top of the sponges, clears them from the filth and skin, after which they are strung and ready for market.

Situated on the crest of the Andes, Lake Titicaca is the highest large body of fresh water in the world; and as concurrent traditions point to it as the spot where Manco Capac, the first Inca appeared and woke the aboriginal tribes from their long sleep of barbarism and ignorance, it is the historic centre of South America. Humboldt called it the theatre of the earliest American civilization. On an island within it are the imposing ruins of the Temple of the Sun, and all around it are monuments which attest the skill and magnificence of the Incas. There are also at Tiahuanaco and Sillustani the remains of burial towers and palaces, which antedate the Crusades, and are, therefore, pre-Incarnal. Lake Titicaca is about the size of our Ontario, shallow on the west and north, deep towards the east and south. The eastern or Bolivian shore, being backed by the lofty range of Sorata, is very high and precipitous. The lake never freezes over, although the temperature of Puno is often eighteen degrees at sunrise. Two little steamers of one hundred tons each do a trading business. Steam is generated by llama dung, the only fuel of the country, for there are no trees within 180 miles. The steamers actually cost their weight in silver, for their transportation (in pieces) from the coast cost as much as the original price. A steamboat company has just asked from Bolivia the exclusive privilege of navigating Titicaca and the Rio Desaguadero to Lago Pampa, with guarantee of six per cent. cost on the capital, and a share in all new mines discovered. Prof. Orton, the latest traveller in that region, calls attention to the fact that Lake Titicaca is not so high as usually given in geographical works by about 800 feet. Its true altitude is 12,493 feet, and in the dry season it is four feet less. This fact has been revealed by the consecutive levelings made in building the Arequipa Railway, just finished, which reaches from the Pacific to Lake Titicaca.

We are what we must, and not what we would be. One hour assures no another. The will and the power are diverse.

of the year the Russian's chief idea is to protect himself against the inclement climate, and, as he seals the windows of the public rooms and conveyances, your involuntary contact with him becomes anything but agreeable. We have no right to throw stones at other people in the matter of intemperance, and to the Russian climate may be attributed the quantities of coarse spirits that are swallowed to correct the masses of oleaginous food. The consequence is, that, notwithstanding their stalwart frames, the natives are often sickly and despicable. Mr. Arnold tells us how he cured a couple of fellow-travelers on the Volga steamer by prescribing the opening of a chink in the cabin window and the hot water pipe. But if furniture is scarce in the best provincial hotels, there is one class of ornament which is never wanting. The picture of some saint is sure to be displayed on the wall, with the lamp of domestic sacrifice perpetually burning beneath it. The proverbial piety of the Greek Christian degenerates in most cases into gross superstition. The shrines in the public places are crowded by devoted worshippers, who cover with their kisses the spangled robes and even the gilded picture frames of the images; while showers of coins or copper money rattle into the boxes held by the priests.

Dispersion of Insects.

Winged insects are perhaps, of all, most admirably adapted for the special conditions found in one locality, and the barriers against their permanent displacement are numerous. Thus many insects require for their subsistence succulent vegetable food during the entire year, which, of course, confines them to tropical regions; some are dependent on mountain-vegetation; some subsist on water plants; and yet others, as the *Lepidoptera*, in the larva state, are limited to a single species of plant. Insects have enemies in every stage of their existence; foes are at hand ready to destroy not only the perfect form, but the pupa, the larva, and the egg; and any one of these enemies may prove so formidable, in a country otherwise well adapted to them, as to render survival impossible. But, on the other hand, most varied means of dispersal carry insects from their natural habitats to distant regions. They are often met far from land, carried thence by storm or hurricane. Hawk-moths are sometimes captured hundreds of miles from shore, having taken passage on ships which sail near tropical countries, and Mr. Darwin narrates that he caught in the open sea, seventeen miles from the coast of South America, beetles, some aquatic and some terrestrial, belonging to seven genera, and they seemed uninjured by the salt-water. Insects, in their undeveloped states, make their abodes in solid timber, which, transported by winds and waves, may carry its undeveloped, winged freight great distances. Tropical insects are not unfrequently captured in the London docks, where they have been carried in furniture or foreign timber. Insects are very tenacious of life, and nearly all can exist for a long time without food. Some beetles bear immersion in strong spirit for hours, and are not destroyed by water almost at the boiling-point. These facts enable us to understand how not only by means of its delicate wings, but by winds, waves, volcanic dust, and a thousand other agencies, insects may be carried to remote regions.—Popular Science Monthly.

Singular Lake.

Situated on the crest of the Andes, Lake Titicaca is the highest large body of fresh water in the world; and as concurrent traditions point to it as the spot where Manco Capac, the first Inca appeared and woke the aboriginal tribes from their long sleep of barbarism and ignorance, it is the historic centre of South America. Humboldt called it the theatre of the earliest American civilization. On an island within it are the imposing ruins of the Temple of the Sun, and all around it are monuments which attest the skill and magnificence of the Incas. There are also at Tiahuanaco and Sillustani the remains of burial towers and palaces, which antedate the Crusades, and are, therefore, pre-Incarnal. Lake Titicaca is about the size of our Ontario, shallow on the west and north, deep towards the east and south. The eastern or Bolivian shore, being backed by the lofty range of Sorata, is very high and precipitous. The lake never freezes over, although the temperature of Puno is often eighteen degrees at sunrise. Two little steamers of one hundred tons each do a trading business. Steam is generated by llama dung, the only fuel of the country, for there are no trees within 180 miles. The steamers actually cost their weight in silver, for their transportation (in pieces) from the coast cost as much as the original price. A steamboat company has just asked from Bolivia the exclusive privilege of navigating Titicaca and the Rio Desaguadero to Lago Pampa, with guarantee of six per cent. cost on the capital, and a share in all new mines discovered. Prof. Orton, the latest traveller in that region, calls attention to the fact that Lake Titicaca is not so high as usually given in geographical works by about 800 feet. Its true altitude is 12,493 feet, and in the dry season it is four feet less. This fact has been revealed by the consecutive levelings made in building the Arequipa Railway, just finished, which reaches from the Pacific to Lake Titicaca.

FOOD FOR THOUGHT.

Order gave each thing its place, and peace. Friendship is full of dregs.—Shakespeare. Every man desires to live long, but no man would be old. We cannot do evil to others without doing it to ourselves. You cannot prove a thing to be good or beautiful to a man who has no idea of its excellence. Many persons are more desirous to know what they should do, than to do what they know. Save not thy wounds with poison, as if a petty goodness of to-day hath blotted out the sin of yesterday. Voltaire said: "Our physicians put drugs, of which they know nothing, into bodies of which they know less." We treat men like the letters we get; we read them once with eagerness, and do not re-read them.—Voltaire. It is not to taste sweet things but to do noble and true things, that the poorest son of Adam dully longs.—Carlyle. I admire pashness but I know lots of people who are pashant just because they are too lazy to be anything else. "Time is incredibly long, and every day is a vessel into which much may be poured, if one only wishes to fill it up.—Goethe. There are many who talk on from ignorance rather than from knowledge, and who find in the former an inexhaustible fund of conversation. To neglect, at any time, preparation for death, is to sleep at our post at a siege; to omit it in old age is to sleep at an attack. Fair soul, in your fine frame bath love no quality? If the quick fire of youth light not your mind, you are no maiden, but a monument.—Shakespeare. The person who has a firm trust in the Supreme Being is powerful in His power, wise by His wisdom, happy by His happiness. When you feel as if you have violated a rule of propriety, you feel ashamed; a rule of prudence, regret; when a rule of right, you feel remorse. I look upon an able statesman out of business like a huge whale, that will endeavor to overturn the ship unless he has an empty cask to play with.—Steele. It is the amends of a short and troublesome life that doing good and suffering ill entitle man to one longer and better.—William Penn. God is the only being who has time enough; but a prudent man who knows how to use his time, can commonly make shift to find as much as he needs.—Lovel. The difference between a fashionable hat and a fashionable bonnet is very simple. One is worn over the ear and the other is worn on the nape of the neck. Arbitrary power is the natural object of temptation to a prince, as wine or woman to a young fellow, or a bribe to a judge, or avarice to old age, or vanity to a woman. No man is poor who does not think himself so. But if in a full fortune, with impatience he desires more, he proclaims his wants, and his beggarly condition. The chief secret of comfort lies in not suffering trifles to vex us, and in prudently cultivating our undergrowth of small pleasures since very few great ones, alas! are let on long leases. It is never too late with us so long as we are still aware of our faults, and bear them impatiently; so long as aspirations, eager for conquest stir within us.—Jacobi. So great is the effect of cleanliness upon man that it extends even to his moral character. Virtue never dwelt long with filth; nor do I believe there ever was a person scrupulously attentive to cleanliness who was a consummate villain. An Englishman's umbrella is something to be held sacred. It cannot be stolen with impunity. A man was sentenced to a day's imprisonment in London recently for borrowing an umbrella without the owner's knowledge. The custom in Eastern Turkey is to remove the boots and shoes at the entering church. An American saw at Andrius, 1,200 boots and shoes at the door of a church presenting a very curious sight. The men go in barefoot, but keep their hats on. Envy cannot be hid. It accuses and judges without proofs; it exaggerates defects; its conversation is filled with gall, exaggeration and injury. It stands out with obstinacy and with fury against striking merit. It is hasty, insensible and brutal. Botanists have a class of plants which they name *incomplete*; we might in the same sense speak of incomplete, imperfect men—those, namely, whose longing and struggling, are not in proportion to their doing and performing.—Goethe. The faithful devoted Christian is all heartedness. While others do things coldly and without interest, he puts his whole soul into his labor, and does it with hearty good will and with a vigorous healthy zeal, because he loves to do it.—Murray. "Storm King," the highest of the Highland peaks, is 1,329 feet above tide water. The chain which was stretched across the river at West Point in war time was 1,350 feet long, and was manufactured from ore obtained near Bear Mountain, which is 1,350 feet high—a singular coincidence. Idleness is the nursery of crime. It is that prolific germ of which all rank and poisonous vices are the fruits. It is the source of temptation. It is the field where the enemy sows tares while men sleep. Could we trace the history of a large class of vices, we should find that they originate from the want of employment, and are brought in to supply its place. Two persons were once disputing so loudly on the subject of religion that they awoke a big dog, which had been sleeping on the hearth before them, and he forthwith barked most furiously. An old divine present, who had been quietly slipping his feet while the disputants were talking, gave the dog a kick, and exclaimed, "Hold your tongue, you silly brute! You know no more about it than they do."

\$5

20 Cans, two also 2x10c. 40 of same in hand.
double cans \$20. 20 small 2x10c. 20 chrome 2x10c.
B white 15c. 60 Cardinal red 15c. 25 chrome 2x10c.
gold 15c. 25 chrome 2x10c. 25 black 2x10c.
Samples of canes and a large 25 chrome 2x10c.
O'Brien wanted. G. B. Dillman, 12 W. Third St.,
Boston, Mass. S-74

TEAS. The choicest in the world—Imperial
America—a staple article. Largest Consignment
of choice teas from India, China, Japan, etc., ever
seen here—best quality increasing—Agents commo-
dities—Wholesale and Retail—Sole Importers—Write
anywhere for Circular to ROBERT J. COLEMAN, 89
St. Vessy St., N. Y. P. O. Box, 1267. S-74

\$3. You want one. 3c. for particulars. Publish-
ing THE PUNCHER AND DRAGON, 111 S. 3rd St. S-75

ONE DOLLAR. Self-adjusting Centennial
sample complete. Send \$1 for mail
order. A. H. MERRILL, 101
N. Y. S-75

SYNDICATE Combination of Cap-
italists. Selling in stock. Agents
possible. Profitable case. Write
FER MORRAN & CO., Brokers, 35 Broad St.,
Box 638, N. Y. S-75

\$10 PER DAY easily made. Sample 25 cents. F.
L. WHITING, Drawer 67, New Haven, Conn. S-75

FREE. THE TREASUREUR Illustrated Magazine
and Elegant Calendar "Aking Back" 25c. per
copy. In highest style of American art. 12 issues
full price \$5 and ILLUSTRATED. Descriptive notes by
training. Sent post-paid your own risk only. Write
for circular. Address THE TREASUREUR FRANCHISE,
40 Cedar St., New York. S-75

CATARRE cured by Schermerhorn's Catarrh Cure
it will not fail! price 60c. by mail. Ad-
dress Dr. W. S. SCHERMERHORN, Garrison, N. Y. S-75

Spoons and Forks.
RUX PATENT
of Manufacturer and Wholesale Price.
Made of steel. Plated with the finest
material. They will wear like silver and last
longer. Patented.
Six teaspoons 40 cents; 6 Tablespoons 90
cents. Twelve Forks 60c.; by mail on receipt for
Olive, Oval or Round Spoon. S-75

25 FANCY VISITING CARDS, white or mixed
 colors, by return mail only 10 cents. *General*
 20, Bethlehem, Pa. *341a*
 25 FANCY MIXED CARDS, no two alike, by
 Nassau Card Co., Nassau, N. Y. *342a*
 \$5 to \$20 per day at home. Samples with
 free. *Scrimshaw & Co., Portland, Me.*
 50 FINE BRISTOL CARDS, cream colored
 postpaid, 10c. *Wood & Co.,*
 Hantsy, Mich. *252c*
 25. You want one. Use it, for particulars, Pa-
 delphia Publishing Agency, 114 S 3rd St.
 26-28
 JEWELRY FOR ALL THE PURSHE
 NEWLY IN-
 KEPT constantly
 plain gold-plated
 and electro plated
 (1) spiral shirt studs, one finger ring, coral pla-
 quettes, diamond shirt studs, diamond collar stud,
 ring, and one ladies' Jewell wedding ring, price 1
 the market, complete, 50 cents; three for \$1.25, 45 c
 and 12 for \$7.00, all sent postpaid in wood
 boxes and a solid silver watch for \$20. *American*
 sample and catalogue sent free. Send 50 cents
 to low price. *We have all kinds of*
 2-13
 OLES & Co., 735 Broadway New York City.
 SCRECHN'S MANDRAKE
 LIVER PILLS
 FOR SALE
 BY ALL DRUGGISTS
 PREPARED BY
 J. C. SCRECHN, NEW YORK

OLD COLLAR Button with catalog and 16
\$6 stamp. W. K. Langhorne, Albany.
24c.

**YOU'VE WANTED FOR HISTORICAL
CENTEN' EXHIBITION**

It contains 330 fine engravings of buildings
and scenes in the Great Exhibition, and is
fully authentic and complete history published
by the artists of the grand buildings, wonderful ex-
hibitions, curiosities, great events, etc. Very
cheap at sight. One Agent sold as copies in
a day. Write for our extra terms to be
sent with a full description of the work. Address
J. H. BROWN, Boston, U. S. A.

CAUTION Unreliable and worthless
copies have been obtained on the Exhibition
copyright. Do not be deceived.
You can pay contains 314 pages and 330
fine engravings. 1877.

GORHAM'S
Imperial Pinted Lin-
en, Washable, and
Linen, Oiled, Enam-
eled, and Washable
by mail.



GORHAM'S
Imperial Pinted Lin-
en, Washable, and
Linen, Oiled, Enam-
eled, and Washable
by mail.


 To Graham
 100 Broadway
 Boston, Mass.

DO YOUR OWN PRINTING
 259 Washington St.
 Favorite
Self-inking Press!
 Prints 65 to 100 Lines
 Office complete \$3.50
 for 100 page book
 100 pages 100 lines
 illustrated and with 100
 GORDON & Co.
 Boston, Mass.
 1894.

MIXED CARDS with name, i.e. Sample 25,
 stamp, J. Minkler & Co, Nassau, N. Y. 24-6

REES, Grape Vines, at lowest cash rates.
Flowers, Shrubs, &c. Catalogues free.
JESSE MCKELL & COLEMAN, Nurserymen, Geor-
g. N. Y. 2-18-11

\$ = \$1000 Invested in Wall Street
Stocks makes \$1000 per
month every month. Back up
free explaining letter.
g. Address BAXTER & CO., Bankers,
Wall Street, New York. 2-27-11

Finest and Latest Style Cards with name for
10 cents, 25 Transparent Cards, 15 cents. G.
KNIFE, Jacksonville, Fla. 2-28-11

ELECTRAPH ACADEMY. Both males and
females admitted.
Holliston, Mass. 2-28-11

RICH and BEAUTIFUL.
FARMERS FARMERS' WIVES,
SONS AND DAUGHTERS, attention!
Learn to beautify your HOMES and
CULTIVATE THE SOIL to the BEST AD-
VANTAGE and most ECONOMICALLY.

Everyone having a FARM or GAR-
AGE should send a Postal Card at once
to B. K. BLISS & SONS, 34 Barclay St., New York,
for an illustrated Catalogue, 135 pages.
Box 5712, 5-11-11

many of which have been painted six years.
ARTIFICIAL PAINT has taken **FIRST PREMIUMS** at
COLORS SENT FREE. Address 10.11-11
WILLER BROS., 109 Water St. Cleveland, O.

The Jacksonville Republican

"THE PRICE OF LIBERTY IS ETERNAL VIGILANCE."

VOLUME XXI.

JACKSONVILLE, ALABAMA, SATURDAY, MAY 19, 1877.

WHOLE NO. 2092.

THE REPUBLICAN.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY MORNING BY
J. F. & L. W. GRANT.

Terms of Subscription:
For one year in advance, \$2.00
If not paid in advance, \$2.50

Terms of Advertising:
One square of 10 lines or less, first insertion, 50 cents
Each subsequent insertion, 25 cents
Over one square counted as two, etc.
Advertisements charged at advertising rates.
Marriage notices, 50 cents.

ANNOUNCEMENT OF CANDIDATES.
For County Offices, \$5.00
For State Offices, \$10.00

Communications affecting the claims of candidates charged at advertising rates.

Rates of Advertising:
One square of 10 lines, three months, \$5.00
One square six months, \$7.50
One square twelve months, \$10.00
One-half column three months, \$10.00
One-half column six months, \$15.00
One-half column twelve months, \$20.00
One column three months, \$20.00
One column six months, \$30.00
One column twelve months, \$40.00

A. WOODS,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
JACKSONVILLE, ALA.

M. J. TURNLEY,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
AND
SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY,
Jacksonville, Alabama.

HAMES & CALDWELL,
Attorneys at Law,
No. 7 Office Row, Jacksonville, Ala.

ELLIS & MARTIN,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
No. 7 Office Row, Jacksonville, Alabama.

H. L. STEVENSON,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
JACKSONVILLE, ALA.

J. D. ARNOLD,
SURGEON DENTIST,
JACKSONVILLE, ALA.

An Indian Legend of Evolution.

discovered in the woods of Utah, about 200 miles from Picoche. The houses were arranged in rows, were about eight feet by nine, of two stories, and were built of adobe or mud and stone. Bones, needles, rude iron griddles and other articles were found in some of the houses, the only entrance to which appeared to have been holes in the top. The Indians of this region have a legend that a tribe once lived about there who were annihilated through their preposterous opinions. They were a prosperous people and far above the savage Indians in power and size. They were whiter than most American descendants of Shem, but had, however, their developed danda appendage. They refused to believe in the Great Spirit, and declared they could remember when they had existed as four-legged animals. Their remote ancestors could trace their origin to the serpentine world, and told how their ancestors in turn could tell of the very time when the first member of their race had absolutely sprung into being from nothing. The other Indians did not take to this idea, and because of their great ignorance, this peculiar race would have nothing to do with them. They also looked upon their beliefs in regard to a spirit realm and a hereafter as all foolishness; they did not believe in the good and evil geni, and were loud in their denunciations of the spiritual visitants of this mundane sphere. They became at length so persistent in their determination to destroy themselves, that the whole spirit world determined to avenge themselves for the indignity offered them, and swooped down upon the irreverent wretches one night, and carried off the whole tribe, men, women and children. At least they disappeared between two buildings, and not a word has ever been heard of them since.

RELIOTROPE.

WAGNER FAVORITE.
While summer lives you lightly rise
From rough dull leaves your oval sprays,
Where shades of lovely color sleep
Dim tender blues and purples deep.

Your lissome blooms, though frail of form,
Hide fervors tropically warm,
But well you keep in calm control
The fragrant secrets of your soul!

When wooed by sunny winds and skies
You reign for those but soft replies;
Yet rapture stirs your life when woo
The spells of darkness and of dew!

And all your fears take noiseless flight
Before the dusky kiss of night;
And all your love, in deep content,
Is given with sweet abandonment!

And then down shadowed garden ways
Your keen voluptuous perfume strays,
As though a ghost should roam unseen,
That once was some luxurious queen;

She that lit Egypt with her smile,
The tawny lily of the Nile;
Or she that built, in vanished hours,
The swart Babylonian towers!

The Settler's Escape.

There are many incidents connected with the early settlement of the country, that have not as yet been touched upon by the sketch-writer or the novelist, much as has been written of those days; and the following adventure, which we now give to the reader, is one of those that have for so long a time lain buried, and are for the first time brought before the gaze of the great public.

Among those that regarded themselves as living within the confines of Boonesboro, though so far from the station as to have the name of its founder as to be almost entirely unprotected by it, was a settler known by the name of Dick Turner. He had built his cabin on the very outskirts of the settlements, and with his wife and three children, had for two years lived in peace and quietness, unmolested by the savages that were at all times in greater or less numbers abroad on the war-path.

Their nearest neighbor was half a mile away down the river, out of sight and hearing; and, but for the smoke that every morning curled above the tree-tops, one would not have known, standing in the doorway of Dick Turner's cabin, that this was the only settlement for miles around, for on every side was the forest, unbroken and untamed as in the days before Daniel Boone led the first party of hardy adventurers over the Cumberland Mountains.

One afternoon, the last of August, as Dick was at work in his clearing, (and, as it chanced, at a point as far from the cabin as was possible for him to be without being in the forest), he was startled by the sudden appearance of half a dozen Indians, hideous with war-paint, who surrounded him almost before he could spring and grasp his rifle, that he always carried into the field when at work.

Startled by their sudden appearance, he made a motion toward it, but a heavy hand was laid upon his shoulder, and his owner said, in broken English, "White man go with us."

"No," said Dick, looking him full in the face. "Can't do that; full work to do."

And he pointed at what he had been doing, and then he cast a wistful glance at his rifle, which was now in the hands of one of the savages.

"Come," said the savage, the one who appeared to be the leader, as well as the only one who knew a word of English. "White man go with us."

Dick glanced towards the cabin, and saw his wife standing in the doorway, apparently in great alarm at his situation. The savages saw her; and after a word or two between themselves, three of them started in that direction. Supercarried by his captors, Dick made a sign that his wife fortunately understood, and she disappeared without closing the door in such a manner that the savages failed to obtain admittance, as Dick saw, to his great joy, when they were trying for a few moments, they hastily returned and joined the others.

Evidently small in point of numbers, they cared not to waste the time that would be necessary for a siege; so they had desisted from their efforts to make captives of the woman and children.

"Come," said the savage, laying his hand on his captive's shoulder; and Dick, who had felt his heart rise that his loved ones were left behind, went almost cheerfully into the forest, in which the shadows gathered, casting only one backward glance at his home, to wonder when he would see it again.

Then he resolutely put his face forward for the fate the future had in store for him. The future might be long, but he might be dead; yet, as he walked between his captors, and the shadows grew deeper about him, a hope was in his heart that he might escape, perhaps before the sun should rise on the morrow.

That night was a long and weary one to the settler. Evidently they feared pursuit, and stopped not for rest or food until the sun was an hour high, the next day. Then, as if feeling secure, they had a long halt, made a fire, and one of the number shooting a deer, they cooked and enjoyed a plentiful repast.

Thus far, the savages had used him well, only taking the precaution to bind his hands behind his back. In such a manner that he found it impossible to use them in the least. They had been very considerate of his comfort; and he determined, by appearing as cheerful as possible, to drive away from their minds any thoughts they might have of any unwillingness to accompany them, so that his chances of escape might be a generous supper.

In this manner the day passed, and with the first shades of evening they made preparations to encamp. A fire was made—as they seemed to consider themselves so far from the settlements, that they need fear no danger from the whites—and a couple of the party soon brought in game enough to afford them a generous supper.

This cooked and partaken of, they all lay down to rest, Dick with a savage on either side of him, so close that he could not stir without their being aware of the motion; and, as an extra precaution, they had bound his feet together as tightly as his wrists, and the him as it had not done before, for he saw, while thus bound, no possible chance of escape offered to him.

A couple of hours passed, and still Dick had not closed his eyes. One after another of the savages dropped off, as he knew by their hard, regular breathing, until at last he was the only one of the group who was not asleep.

Oh! if his hands were only free, how soon he would be at liberty again! He pulled upon the thong with all his power, until they cut deep into the flesh, like the keen edge of a knife; and at last, to his great joy, he found out that the knot that held his left hand had slipped a little. Another strain, and it moved a little further; and with another, it was parted so far asunder that, with trifling exertion, he pulled his hand through.

The savage lying on the left side of him moved, and he lay perfectly motionless, almost holding his breath, with his hands under him as when confined. But the Indian only stretched himself a little, and then was off to sleep again.

Dick now went to work to free his other hand; but the knot was so tight, that even with the help of the other, he found it impossible to do so. He remembered his pocket-knife, that he had given to his boy to play with, upon going out to work, the afternoon of his capture; and he had now, how quick he would be a free man!

The moon had risen, and was shining down through the branches of the trees, and he saw his rays glittering on the blade of the knife in the belt of the savage that had so recently moved. It was a desperate undertaking, but his situation required desperate measures.

With the utmost caution, he stretched out his liberated hand, and slowly drew the knife from its resting place. The Indian never stirred, and his deep breathing told Dick that he was sleeping soundly. A moment more, and he was lying with the cords cut from his limbs, with none of the savages wiser for his motions.

Now came the most difficult part of the operation—to rise to his feet and get beyond the confines of the camp-fire, without awakening any of his captors. But Dick proved equal to the emergency. He crouched low, and with the utmost caution, he rose upon his hands and knees. The snapping of a twig, he knew, would betray him to the watchful ears of those about him.

On his feet at last, he stepped over the sleeping savages, whose heads he hid in his hand, and slowly approached the Indian by whose side his rifle was lying. That he did not mean to leave behind, he would need it for his own protection, and to procure food with, before he reached the settlement, who had been in pursuit all the day and night, rushed forward, and an exclamation of disappointment fell from their lips, as they saw nothing of the object of their search.

At that instant, the report of a rifle rang out, as if from the centre of the fire, startling them back again; but the next moment, the one of them who had been examining the end of the tree, that as yet was untouched by the fire, exclaimed, "Quick! boys! fear away the fire. He is in this trunk, and the redskins were roasting him alive."

With a will, the brands were scattered in the forest, and in a few moments Dick was hauled out, more dead than alive, though not much burnt; and afterwards, whenever he told his story, he always said that his rifle saved his life, the heat causing it to be discharged just at the right moment.

Nautch Girls.
Many of these dancing girls are extremely delicate in their persons, soft in feature, and symmetrical in form. Dedicated from childhood to this profession, they preserve in general a modesty and a decency in their demeanor; and their dances require the utmost attention, from the dancers' ankles being hung with bells attached to their gold or silver anklets, which ring in concert with the music. Their motions are meant to express, with the song or music, love, hope, jealousy and other passions, which can all be understood even by those who are ignorant of Hindoostanee. Another class of dancing girls, quite apart from these, are those who are dedicated to the temples. These are supplied by the parents, who are taught that the presentation of a beautiful daughter to the deity is highly acceptable. All these dancing girls, of every kind, are generally gorgeously attired, and they scent their long black hair with oil of cloves, attar of rose, and the like, and they quite frequently wear strongly scented flowers. They are permitted to eat meat of every kind, except beef. They may even drink of spirituous liquors, and they frequently have accompanied Asiatic armies to the field. No ceremony or festival of any kind is considered complete without their presence, and every great temple has its own set of dancers attached to it. Dr. Buchanan tells us there were one hundred of these girls in Conjeeveram in 1809. Their most graceful measure is one called the "Kite Dance," the air for which is slow, and to which they imitate the gestures of a person flying a kite. The attitudes incident to this are favorable to oriental grace while the upward direction of the eyes displays the finest features of the Nautch girls to the best advantage.

Never go back. What you attempt, do it with all your strength. Determination is omnipotent. If the prospect be somewhat darkened, put the fire of resolution to your soul, and kindle a flame that nothing but death can extinguish.

"Great men," says Themistocles, "are like the oaks, under the branches of which men are happy in finding refuge in the time of storm and rain." But when they have to spend a sunny day under them they take pleasure in cutting the bark and breaking the branches.

In a few moments he knew, by the sound of feet, that the savages were all together, and he heard a consultation, not one word of which he could understand; but he was not long left in suspense as to what they had agreed upon. He heard some at work at the entrance of the trunk, while others were heaping brushwood above him; and he knew, by this, that his hiding-place was discovered, and that the savages intended to burn him alive inside the tree.

To describe the terrible agony that convulsed the heart of the settler, as he became aware of the object of his enemies, is more than our pen can do.

He was not afraid to die; but a death by fire is one from which the bravest would shrink. There was no chance of dying by suffocation, for the tree was full of seams that admitted the air. No death would afford him the relief, until the red flames should wrap his body like a winding-sheet. And this would not be quickly done. Hours must elapse before the flames would reach him. The tree was a resinous pine, and would burn briskly for awhile on the outside; but the interior of the trunk was damp, and would not catch so readily. The torture would only be the more prolonged.

At length the slave died, and after he had gone, his bow and quiver, the story of which he had often told in eloquent language, were preserved as relics of the faithful servant in the colonel's family, for the family did not but gratefully remember the services, the fortitude and the unswerving fidelity of the strong and gentle Lambo.

During the Revolution, Colonel Motte fell while fighting for liberty. In the campaign of 1781 his widow was driven from her house on the Congaree river, and the place was turned into a British garrison and strongly fortified. In time this garrison was besieged by a detachment of the American army, but its defenses were so strong that the force was not sufficient to take it by assault. The American commander, who was a South Carolinian, and an old time friend of the Motte family, went to the widow, now living in a poor hut within sight of her stately mansion, and told her that the preservation of her house and property was the only impediment to the capture of the British.

"What would you do?" asked Mrs. Motte.

"Set the mansion on fire and burn them out," was the officer's reply.

"And how will you set it on fire?"

"I have not yet thought, Madam. I had regard for your wishes in the matter, and wished first to consult you."

The widow reflected awhile and then asked:

"When would be a favorable moment for applying the torch?"

"This very night, after the sentinels are posted, and the rest of the garrison asleep."

"Make your arrangements," said the patriotic woman, "and at your signal I will set the house on fire for you."

"Yes," she said.

The officer said that she was in earnest and he went his way to make preparations.

And then the widow went at her work. One of the children had brought away with them from the house Lambo's bow and quiver of arrows. The arrows were long and finely made, with steel heads and delicately feathered shafts. With a lot of loose tow she made torches of the arrows, the prepared heads of which she set in a pail filled with spirits of turpentine.

At eleven o'clock that night the American commander came and told Mrs. Motte that all was ready. Taking the pail, with the soaking arrows in her hand, she called upon her stout servant to attend her. He was a powerful fellow, and used to the bow. Arrived at a favorable locality, she opened her lantern, and lighted a pitchwood splinter. Then the servant fixed an arrow torch to the bow string, and the widow set the inflammable tow on fire. In an instant the fiery messenger was sped on its way, and it alighted upon the roof of the mansion, far from the immediate reach of the garrison.

By the time five of these ignited torches had been surely landed upon different parts of the roof, the mansion was in flames beyond the power of the aroused inmates to subdue them.

And yet the brave, noble woman did not lose much of her property. The British, fearing a horrible death by fire, laid down their arms and surrendered, and joined with their captors in extinguishing the flames, which was accomplished before the fire had extended below the garrets.

A Doctor's Duel.
Near Dublin lived a beautiful young lady, rich as she was beautiful. Of course she was beloved and sought by many suitors among them a lawyer and a doctor. The latter was the favorite of the lady, and consequently the disciple of Demosthenes was jealous of the follower of Aesculapius. The former initiated a quarrel with the latter, who applied an insulting epithet to him, whereupon the lawyer challenged the doctor, and he therefore had the choice of weapons. Aesculapius chose that with which he had killed many a patient, in addition to writing death warrants in Latin prescriptions, namely pills. Demosthenes was indignant, but was answered by his opponent that those were the weapons with which he had fought even death himself, and he would fight with no other. Upon consultation the challenged party, from time immemorial, had the choice of weapons, and a right if it was his selection to fight with pitchforks or twenty-four pounders.

The day and place were arranged, and the manner of the duel was as follows. There were two pill boxes to be placed in a hat, and shaken before taken, as is customary with physis. The challenged party to draw first, he did, and the doctor obtained the fatal black box, the opponent lawyer the white. The pills were to be swallowed within five minutes after drawing. The doctor solemnly gave directions for the disposal of his property, and instantly upon a signal, each swallowed his allotted pill. The lawyer stood erect and smiling, as he saw the doctor fall to the earth, in all the agonies caused by the fatal pill. He finally ceased to breathe. The lawyer, however, became affrighted at the death of his opponent and by such an unusual duel; was advised at once with second and surgeon, to journey to France to escape the penalty of the English law, which prevailed also in Ireland. They took the advice, and were off like rockets, without even leaving taking of the fallen physician. Scarcely were they out of sight, when like Anteus, up sprang the doctor from the mother earth, refreshed, and not injured, announced his own safety to his lady love, married her the same day, and lived the happiest of the happy!

How did he recover? Why, both the pills were made of pure flour, the bread of life, and not death. His skill, acting and imagination fought and won his victory matrimonial. He was regarded thereafter as the best bred (bread) physician in Dublin, and his patients increased accordingly, while the lawyer ceased to have clients, from having lost the chief suit of his life.

Cures for Fits.
For a Fit of Idleness—Count the ticking of a clock. Do this one hour, and you will be glad to pull of your coat the next, and work like a negro.

For a Fit of Extravagance and Folly—Go to the workhouse, and speak to the inmates of a jail, and you will be convinced.

"Who makes his bed of briar and thorn Must be content to lie on it."

For a Fit of Ambition—Go into a church-yard and read the gravestones. They will tell you the end of ambition. The grave will soon be your bedchamber, the earth your pillow, corruption your father and the worm your mother and sister.

For a Fit of Despondency—Look on the good things which God has given you in this world, and to those which he has promised to his followers in the next. He who goes into his garden to look for cobwebs and spiders, no doubt will find them; while he who looks for a flower may return into his house with one blooming in his bosom.

For all Fits of Doubt, Perplexity and Fear—Whether they respect the body or mind; whether they are a load to the shoulders, the head, or the heart, the following is a radical cure, which may be relied on, for we have it from the Great Physician: "Cast thy burden on the Lord, and He will sustain thee."

A Romantic Belle.

I once had pointed out to me, at Peale's old museum in Philadelphia, a bow and quiver which had a history. What became of the articles when the curiosities of that museum were divided I do not know.

An African prince, captured in battle, begged so hard that his bow and quiver, which had been his father's might be left in his possession, that his request was granted. Captivity, of course, meant slavery. For a beggarly sum he was sold by his black captor to a slaver, and in time found his way to South Carolina, where he became the property of Colonel Motte. He brought his bow and quiver with him, and in his new home, with arrows fashioned by his own hand, he brought down many a choice bit of game for his master's table.

The slave was strong and remarkably intelligent, as well as willing, and as the master was kind and humane, the life of the dusky prince was far from unhappy or irksome. The whole family prized him, and he, in turn, became strongly attached to them.

At length the slave died, and after he had gone, his bow and quiver, the story of which he had often told in eloquent language, were preserved as relics of the faithful servant in the colonel's family, for the family did not but gratefully remember the services, the fortitude and the unswerving fidelity of the strong and gentle Lambo.

During the Revolution, Colonel Motte fell while fighting for liberty. In the campaign of 1781 his widow was driven from her house on the Congaree river, and the place was turned into a British garrison and strongly fortified. In time this garrison was besieged by a detachment of the American army, but its defenses were so strong that the force was not sufficient to take it by assault. The American commander, who was a South Carolinian, and an old time friend of the Motte family, went to the widow, now living in a poor hut within sight of her stately mansion, and told her that the preservation of her house and property was the only impediment to the capture of the British.

"What would you do?" asked Mrs. Motte.

"Set the mansion on fire and burn them out," was the officer's reply.

"And how will you set it on fire?"

"I have not yet thought, Madam. I had regard for your wishes in the matter, and wished first to consult you."

The widow reflected awhile and then asked:

"When would be a favorable moment for applying the torch?"

"This very night, after the sentinels are posted, and the rest of the garrison asleep."

"Make your arrangements," said the patriotic woman, "and at your signal I will set the house on fire for you."

"Yes," she said.

The officer said that she was in earnest and he went his way to make preparations.

And then the widow went at her work. One of the children had brought away with them from the house Lambo's bow and quiver of arrows. The arrows were long and finely made, with steel heads and delicately feathered shafts. With a lot of loose tow she made torches of the arrows, the prepared heads of which she set in a pail filled with spirits of turpentine.

At eleven o'clock that night the American commander came and told Mrs. Motte that all was ready. Taking the pail, with the soaking arrows in her hand, she called upon her stout servant to attend her. He was a powerful fellow, and used to the bow. Arrived at a favorable locality, she opened her lantern, and lighted a pitchwood splinter. Then the servant fixed an arrow torch to the bow string, and the widow set the inflammable tow on fire. In an instant the fiery messenger was sped on its way, and it alighted upon the roof of the mansion, far from the immediate reach of the garrison.

By the time five of these ignited torches had been surely landed upon different parts of the roof, the mansion was in flames beyond the power of the aroused inmates to subdue them.

And yet the brave, noble woman did not lose much of her property. The British, fearing a horrible death by fire, laid down their arms and surrendered, and joined with their captors in extinguishing the flames, which was accomplished before the fire had extended below the garrets.

A Doctor's Duel.
Near Dublin lived a beautiful young lady, rich as she was beautiful. Of course she was beloved and sought by many suitors among them a lawyer and a doctor. The latter was the favorite of the lady, and consequently the disciple of Demosthenes was jealous of the follower of Aesculapius. The former initiated a quarrel with the latter, who applied an insulting epithet to him, whereupon the lawyer challenged the doctor, and he therefore had the choice of weapons. Aesculapius chose that with which he had killed many a patient, in addition to writing death warrants in Latin prescriptions, namely pills. Demosthenes was indignant, but was answered by his opponent that those were the weapons with which he had fought even death himself, and he would fight with no other. Upon consultation the challenged party, from time immemorial, had the choice of weapons, and a right if it was his selection to fight with pitchforks or twenty-four pounders.

The day and place were arranged, and the manner of the duel was as follows. There were two pill boxes to be placed in a hat, and shaken before taken, as is customary with physis. The challenged party to draw first, he did, and the doctor obtained the fatal black box, the opponent lawyer the white. The pills were to be swallowed within five minutes after drawing. The doctor solemnly gave directions for the disposal of his property, and instantly upon a signal, each swallowed his allotted pill. The lawyer stood erect and smiling, as he saw the doctor fall to the earth, in all the agonies caused by the fatal pill. He finally ceased to breathe. The lawyer, however, became affrighted at the death of his opponent and by such an unusual duel; was advised at once with second and surgeon, to journey to France to escape the penalty of the English law, which prevailed also in Ireland. They took the advice, and were off like rockets, without even leaving taking of the fallen physician. Scarcely were they out of sight, when like Anteus, up sprang the doctor from the mother earth, refreshed, and not injured, announced his own safety to his lady love, married her the same day, and lived the happiest of the happy!

How did he recover? Why, both the pills were made of pure flour, the bread of life, and not death. His skill, acting and imagination fought and won his victory matrimonial. He was regarded thereafter as the best bred (bread) physician in Dublin, and his patients increased accordingly, while the lawyer ceased to have clients, from having lost the chief suit of his life.

Cures for Fits.
For a Fit of Idleness—Count the ticking of a clock. Do this one hour, and you will be glad to pull of your coat the next, and work like a negro.

For a Fit of Extravagance and Folly—Go to the workhouse, and speak to the inmates of a jail, and you will be convinced.

"Who makes his bed of briar and thorn Must be content to lie on it."

For a Fit of Ambition—Go into a church-yard and read the gravestones. They will tell you the end of ambition. The grave will soon be your bedchamber, the earth your pillow, corruption your father and the worm your mother and sister.

For a Fit of Despondency—Look on the good things which God has given you in this world, and to those which he has promised to his followers in the next. He who goes into his garden to look for cobwebs and spiders, no doubt will find them; while he who looks for a flower may return into his house with one blooming in his bosom.

For all Fits of Doubt, Perplexity and Fear—Whether they respect the body or mind; whether they are a load to the shoulders, the head, or the heart, the following is a radical cure, which may be relied on, for we have it from the Great Physician: "Cast thy burden on the Lord, and He will sustain thee."

and the manner of the duel was as follows. There were two pill boxes to be placed in a hat, and shaken before taken, as is customary with physis. The challenged party to draw first, he did, and the doctor obtained the fatal black box, the opponent lawyer the white. The pills were to be swallowed within five minutes after drawing. The doctor solemnly gave directions for the disposal of his property, and instantly upon a signal, each swallowed his allotted pill. The lawyer stood erect and smiling, as he saw the doctor fall to the earth, in all the agonies caused by the fatal pill. He finally ceased to breathe. The lawyer, however, became affrighted at the death of his opponent and by such an unusual duel; was advised at once with second and surgeon, to journey to France to escape the penalty of the English law, which prevailed also in Ireland. They took the advice, and were off like rockets, without even leaving taking of the fallen physician. Scarcely were they out of sight, when like Anteus, up sprang the doctor from the mother earth, refreshed, and not injured, announced his own safety to his lady love, married her the same day, and lived the happiest of the happy!

How did he recover? Why, both the pills were made of pure flour, the bread of life, and not death. His skill, acting and imagination fought and won his victory matrimonial. He was regarded thereafter as the best bred (bread) physician in Dublin, and his patients increased accordingly, while the lawyer ceased to have clients, from having lost the chief suit of his life.

Cures for Fits.
For a Fit of Idleness—Count the ticking of a clock. Do this one hour, and you will be glad to pull of your coat the next, and work like a negro.

For a Fit of Extravagance and Folly—Go to the workhouse, and speak to the inmates of a jail, and you will be convinced.

"Who makes his bed of briar and thorn Must be content to lie on it."

For a Fit of Ambition—Go into a church-yard and read the gravestones. They will tell you the end of ambition. The grave will soon be your bedchamber, the earth your pillow, corruption your father and the worm your mother and sister.

For a Fit of Despondency—Look on the good things which God has given you in this world, and to those which he has promised to his followers in the next. He who goes into his garden to look for cobwebs and spiders, no doubt will find them; while he who looks for a flower may return into his house with one blooming in his bosom.

For all Fits of Doubt, Perplexity and Fear—Whether they respect the body or mind; whether they are a load to the shoulders, the head, or the heart, the following is a radical cure, which may be relied on, for we have it from the Great Physician: "Cast thy burden on the Lord, and He will sustain thee."

Testing Friendship.
It is one of the severest tests of friendship to tell a man of his faults. If you are angry with a man, it is not hard to go to him and stab him with words and looks, stinging him to madness, or disgracing him in the presence of his foes. But so to love a man that you cannot bear to see the stain of sin upon him, and to go to him alone and speak painful truths in touching, tender words—that is friendship, and a friendship as rare as it is precious. Few, indeed, have such friends. Our friends are apt to pet us, and praise us, and flatter us, and justify us in all we do, and tell us that we are right, when we are wrong, and they know it, and might correct us, but do not, for fear they shall hurt our feelings. They allow our enemies to rip the coverings from our faults and show us what we are. If friends would improve us more, enemies would wound us less. Do you wish to be my friend? Then tell me my faults to my face. Will you do so before you are angry? Will you refuse to be an enemy, and not allow yourself to be counted as a stranger, but keep on in faithful dealing till you have won me to the right. If so, I greet you and welcome you, for "Faithful are the wounds of a friend, but the kisses of an enemy are deceitful."

Self-Respect.
Always remember no one can abuse you but yourself. Slander, satire, falsehood, injustice—these can never rob you of your manhood. Men may lie about you, they may denounce you, they may cherish suspicions manifold, they may make your failings the target of their wit or cruelty; never be alarmed; never swerve an inch from the line your judgment and conscience have marked out for you. They cannot, by all their efforts, take away your knowledge of yourself, the purity of your motives, the integrity of your character, and the generosity of your nature. While these are left, you are, in point of fact, unharmed.

The man who is only honest when honesty is the best policy is not really an honest man. Honesty is not a swerving policy, but a staple principle. An honest man is honest from his inmost soul, nor deigns to stoop to aught that is mean though great results hang on the petty fraud.

FOOD FOR THOUGHT.

The longer here, the later there. There is no little enemy.—*Franklin*. The key to the penitentiary—*Whisker*. Silence never yet betrayed any one.—*Rival*.

Never cast a stone into a well

400

VOL
 THE R
 DITED, PRINTED AND

Outbursts charged
 Marriage notices
ANNUNCIATE
 For County Offices
 For State Offices...
 Communications
 Candidates charged ad
Rates o
 One square of 10 lines
 One square six mic
 One-fourth twelve
 One-fourth column
 One-fourth column
 One-half column
 One-half column
 One-half column
 One column three
 One column six
 One column twelve

A. V.
ATTORNEY
JACKSON

Will practice in
DeKalb, Stovall &
With thanks for
ance of liberal pa
He trusts his lo
practice will ena
who confide their
Those who want
employment, can
reasonable advice
s lawsuit, with t
and other evils ar
preventive is wort

WM. M. HAMES,

HAMES

Attorney

No. 7 Office

Prompt Att

C. C. ELLIS.

ELLIS

H. E. S.
ATTORNEY
JACKSON
J. D.
SURGEON

upon their strength, agility, and yelping. There is the sea, seen more than an inch from the shore, a sort of squint or irritated, to It is called the itself is a squint into that when legs to run with and is fastened stem; so it can be a disturber of the It is shaped like a skin

This station
tions of a high
of nobility and
swim about in
rior class, there
ists in a connect
of squirts join
interesting bra
worth studying

—The number
to wear the crown
of honor is about

THE REPUBLICAN.

EDITED, PRINTED AND PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY MORNING.

J. F. & L. W. GRANT.

Terms of Subscription:
For one year in advance \$2.00
If not paid in advance \$3.00

Terms of Advertising:
One square of 10 lines or less, first insertion \$1.00
Subsequent insertions three months \$1.50
Over one square counted as two, etc.
Obituaries charged at advertising rates.
Marriage notices \$50

ANNOUNCEMENT OF CANDIDATES.
For County Offices \$5.00
For State Offices \$10.00

Communications affecting the claims of candidates charged as advertisements.

Rates of Advertising:
One square of 10 lines, three months \$5.00
One square six months \$7.50
One square twelve months \$10.00
One-fourth column three months \$15.00
One-fourth column six months \$20.00
One-fourth column twelve months \$25.00
One-half column three months \$25.00
One-half column six months \$35.00
One-half column twelve months \$45.00
One column three months \$45.00
One column six months \$60.00
One column twelve months \$75.00

A. WOODS,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
JACKSONVILLE, ALA.

M. J. TURNLEY,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
AND
SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY,
Jacksonville, Alabama.

Will practice in Calhoun, Cherokee, Cleburne, DeKalb, Etowah and Talladega.
With thanks for the past, he solicits a continuance of liberal patronage.
He trusts his long experience and extended practice will enable him to be useful to those who confide their business to him.
Those who wish to employ him without further employment, can consult him at any time for a reasonable advice fee; and thereby often avoid a lawsuit, with its train of troubles, expenses and other evils arising therefrom. An ounce of preventive is worth a pound of cure.

W. M. HAMES, J. M. CALDWELL,
HAMES & CALDWELL,
Attorneys at Law,
No. 7 Office Row, Jacksonville, Ala.
Prompt Attention given to Collections.
May 15-1877-1y

C. C. ELLIS, JOHN T. MARTIN,
ELLIS & MARTIN,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
No. 7 Office Row, Jacksonville, Alabama.

Have associated in the practice of their profession, and will attend to all business connected with them, in the counties of the 12th judicial circuit, and adjoining counties in the supreme court of the State.
May 15-1877-1y

H. L. STEVENSON,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
JACKSONVILLE, ALA.

J. D. ARNOLD,
SURGEON DENTIST
JACKSONVILLE, ALA.

All work executed in the most durable and scientific manner.
Charges very moderate.
May 15-77-1y

Sea-squirts.

There are various means of defence among animals. Some have horns, some depend upon their teeth, some upon their strength, others upon their agility, and yet others upon their cunning. There is a little inhabitant of the sea, seen at low-water mark, not more than an inch long, which employs a sort of squirt-gun, when it is touched or irritated, to protect itself from harm. It is called the sea-squirt, and the body itself is a squirt-gun, or can turn itself into that when necessary. It has no legs to run with, nor fins to swim with, and is fastened to a rock by a sort of stem; so it can only squirt water at any disturber of the peace.

It is shaped like a bottle, and is covered by a skin of tough, leathery texture. This outer skin has a very delicate lining or membrane, composed of muscular fibres, and it is by the sudden contraction of these, that the animal is enabled to eject the water, a continuous flow of which passes through its breathing sac or lungs.

This stationary sea-squirt has relations of a higher order, forming a sort of nobility among sea-squirts, who swim about in the sea. Of this superior class, there is a species which exists in a connected state, a whole family of squirts joined together. This is an interesting branch of natural history, worth studying by the young.

According to a German analyst the composition of an old bronze weapon, supposed to be about two thousand years old, has been ascertained to be 90 parts copper and 10 parts tin, proving that tin was known to the ancients.

The number of individuals entitled to wear the cross of the French legion of honor is about 57,000.

WORK AND WAIT.

BY JOAQUIN MILLER.

Forty days and forty nights,
Blown about the broken waters,
Noah and his sons and daughters;
Forty days they beat and blow—
Forty days of faith, and lo!
The olive leaf, the lifted lights,
The rest at last, the calm delights.

Forty days of sun and sand,
Serpents, beasts, and wilderness,
Desolation and distress,
War and famine, wail and woe—
Forty years of faith, and lo!
The mighty Moses lifts a hand
And shows at last the Promised Land.

Forty days to fast and pray,
The patient Christ outworn defied
The angry tempter at his side.
Forty days or forty years—
Of patient sacrifice and tears—
Lo! what are all of these the day
That time has nothing more to say?

Lift your horns, exult and blow,
Believe and labor. Tree and vine
Most flourish ere the fruit and wine
Reward your planting. Round and round
The rocky walls, with faith profound.
The trumpet blow, blow loud, and lo!
The tumbled walls of Jericho.

—Independent.

Margie's Promise.

The boat-house was completed. It was roomy and substantial, though the spiles on which it rested infringed upon Neptune's watery domain. The young gentlemen who composed the club had issued invitations for a social entertainment, and our story commences upon that evening.

It was a unique affair, the more enjoyable for its accessories. The shells, tapering to a long, very thin, delicate point, from a centre large enough to hold a full-grown man, were drawn up in their polished completeness and fastened to the ceiling. Here and there a dainty silken banner caught the light, a trophy of some member's victory in a friendly trial of skill. Flags draped the walls, giving the needed touch of color to the oaken beams. A gayly decorated barge floated upon the surface of the broad river, at the option of any party who desired a moonlight sail.

Two young stranger guests were standing beside the stairway leading to the dressing room improvised for the occasion, noting the arrivals.

A young lady entered, leaning on the arm of a gentleman. As she left her escort and ran lightly up stairs, she flashed a swift glance around from eyes so large and lustrous, that Bert Evans involuntarily quoted the words of the poet about "sunshine in a shady place," as he stepped impulsively forward.

His friend laid a restraining hand upon his arm.

"Softly, old fellow—not too fast. The girl is a beauty, I'll allow, but—she is spoken for. I know Mr. Livingston, and he's an engaged man. Put two and two together, eh?"

Bert's face expressed volumes as he said:

"I never yet was struck with a girl's face but what it had to be the same old story—engaged!"

Wait! laughed.

"Try if he's a foeman worthy of your steel; in plain English—try to cut him out."

Bert's indolent face kindled with sudden fire.

"If anyone else but you had said that, Walt, I'd take it as an insult. A girl who would be faithless isn't worth a second thought."

During the evening Bert Evans and Margie Eustace were introduced. He was a handsome fellow, brimful of romance, and something in the expression of his large, wistful eyes put him upon his metal to entertain her in a very different way from his usual conversation to a young society belle. No stereotyped commonplace left his lips, but instead they talked of poetry and her twin-sister art.

Through it all he was conscious of a subtle undercurrent of sadness, like the minor tone which oftentimes thrills its plaintive meaning through some bewitching strain of music.

In this chivalric idea of woman the rumor of her engagements made her seem as inaccessible as was the distant moon whose silver crescent shone above him as they stood upon the balcony.

After a time he resigned her to her escort, and could not but notice the change in her manner. She had seemed so interested and animated, and had smiled so merrily at his witticisms; but in Mr. Livingston's society she seemed a veritable ice-maiden.

For days after the girl's face dwelt persistently in his mind, and at last drew him to the city where she lived. He thought another meeting might prove the haunting memory of her beauty, to have been over-drawn by fancy, and thus lay it to rest.

Mrs. Eustace was sitting in her room. Her handsome, manly face wore a look of depression which was foreign to it. Her disposition was so sunny that a sigh from her awake an echo through the family—it was a sound so unwelcome.

Her present uneasiness was not without cause.

Her precious Margie, her only child, was strangely changed. Her moods were variable. Sometimes she would not smile for days, and then a fitful gaiety would take possession of her, as natural to her evenly poised nature as it would be to hear the song of a canary

from the throat of a nightingale. All this gave the loving mother food for serious thought.

The door opened suddenly. Margie came in, and handed her a letter and a package.

She was flushed and nervous, but her manner was decided as she said:

"Mother, here is a note I have written to Mr. Livingston, to tell him that I wish to be released from my engagement. This package contains his ring. I will never wear it again."

"Margie! You cannot mean it! An engagement is not to be put off as easily as you would a glove. My little girl cannot find it in her heart to treat a loyal gentleman so capriciously."

She laid her hand gently on Margie's head and smoothed its dark locks tenderly as she spoke.

"Mother," she answered sadly. "I have been coming to this resolution for months. I respect Mr. Livingston, but I do not love him."

"Do you realize, child, that it is a sin to trifle with a human heart? You are betrothed to him and it is too late to say that you do not love him. You should have decided earlier."

Margie broke in excitedly.

"It means life or death to me! The more I see him the less I like his society. I have never allowed him the slightest caress, and the thought of a kiss from him—"

"Margie!"

"It is true! And if it had not been for you and papa we would never have been engaged. I told him that I did not love him at the very first, and he said if I would promise to be his wife, friendship would change into a warmer feeling, and if it did not he would be satisfied, if I did not—love—another."

She hesitated, and her voice sank to a low, plaintive tone which went straight to her mother's heart. She drew the girl to her and kissed her soothingly.

"Tell me the whole truth. Do you love some one else?"

Margie hid her face on her mother's breast. It was enough. Mrs. Eustace asked to know no more.

The painful interview was ended by the mother's promise to see Mr. Livingston and break the truth to him as gently as possible.

Mr. Livingston read Margie's frank, straightforward letter. The girl's heart was full of pity, notwithstanding her decision; and she said if it would make him any happier, she would promise to remain single, and thus atone for occasioning him the pain of rejection.

He turned very pale as he read. After a moment's thought he turned to Mrs. Eustace:

"Tell Margie she has done right. I do not blame her. A marriage without love is a mockery, and I thank her for her frankness. Tell her also that it is but right in her to make some little atonement for what she has caused me to suffer. I accept her promise in the same spirit as it is made."

Tears came to Margie's eyes when her mother brought this letter to her, but the tears of youth are but April showers, and her eyes, like the violets, shone all the bluer for them; and her voice soon rang out again with all its old joyous melody, as she flitted from room to room arranging and re-arranging them with an interest which had long been wanting.

Sometime after this Bert and Margie met at a party. He had been making inquiries about her, and had just heard of the broken engagement. He said:

"I hope Miss Eustace is justifiable in her action. I cannot imagine that she could do wrong. She always seemed to me to be raised to a higher altitude than other girls; but from my heart I despise a flirt."

He raised his voice unconsciously, when a warning touch upon his arm checked him. He turned and saw—Margie.

Her large eyes were full of reproach. She had evidently overheard his last words.

He tried to make amends for his incautious speech, but Margie knew the secret of her wayward heart, and her maiden delicacy was swift to erect barriers against his betrayal.

Bert was as much charmed with her character on further acquaintance as he had been at first by her beauty, but as time passed on he was in despair. He could not understand her. She was a "rose-bud" of a girl, but most certainly was set about with wilful thorns.

At last an accident told him the truth. They were invited to join a gay yachting party. While at the height of enjoyment a playful little child overbalanced himself and fell into the water. Without a moment's hesitation Bert sprang in and succeeded in grasping him as he rose to the surface. Climbing with his insensible burden into the yacht, the boom swung around and struck him on the temple.

Eager hands caught the child from his arms, and kept him from falling back into the water. They laid him, pale and apparently lifeless, upon some cushions brought hastily from the cabin.

Margie's reserve was forgotten in her anguish. She knelt beside him regardless of the surrounding company, and called him endearing names in low passionate tones.

He lay for weeks vibrating between life and death. At last the crisis came and he began to mend slowly.

Margie's passionate words, as she thought him dying, had echoed through his mind during his illness, and had helped to lure him back from the world of shadows which had peopled his delirium.

He called one day and asked to see Margie. Tears filled her eyes as the poor, pale young fellow rose to meet her, and poured out his heart's desire in a flood of eloquence.

She clasped her hand so tightly together as she listened, that she left the imprint of her nails in the tender palm.

"Mr. Evans, you make me very unhappy. I hope nothing in my conduct has led you to make this proposal. If so, I am a cruel, wicked girl! For I cannot marry you."

"Do not give me an answer now. I will wait—any time—if you will only let me hope."

Bert was still weak from his illness, and his voice broke—the disappointment was too great. He sank into a chair and covered his eyes with his hand. He was so pale and attenuated, so different from what he had been.

Margie stood a moment, her face agitated by conflicting emotions; then she made a resolve.

"Mr. Evans, I am bound by a solemn promise to one who unwisely released me from my engagement. I shall never marry. I hope you will forget that such a girl as Margie Eustace is in existence. I seem fated to make all who love me wretched."

Bert rose to his feet:

"Answer me one question. Did I dream or was it your voice which recalled my senses when I was so nearly dead?"

He was answered by the sudden tide of crimson which dyed the girl's face. He saw that she, too, was suffering, and he would not make her trial any harder to bear.

"Thank you, I shall carry away into exile the thought my love was not an unvalued gift. Good-bye; God bless you!"

Margie had struggled for calmness, as much for Bert's sake as for her own, but she burst into a passion of tears as the door closed upon him. Her promise should be faithfully kept; but her love for Bert was stronger than life, and she knew that "good-bye" was a final parting.

Two or three weeks after she received a farewell letter from him, written on the verge of his departure for Australia. It was better than this. The wider the distance between them the less chance of a painful meeting.

Time rolled on. Margie, in a quiet way, was happy. She found too many duties to attend to in the miniature world of home, to spend her time in useless laments.

It was fully five years since she had received Bert's farewell letter, and during that time she had not heard from him. She had passed from her "teens" into her "twenties," and "sweet sixteen" began to call the beautiful girl of twenty-three—old maid. But more discriminating eyes thought her more interesting at that age than when younger.

One day a gentleman called and sent up his card. As she read the name—Bertram Evans—her heart gave a wild throb. What could his errand be?

She went into the parlor. A tall, bearded man came forward to meet her—no longer the slight boyish-looking Bert of her remembrance.

He held her hand, as his eyes rested lingeringly on her face. Then he gave her a letter and withdrew to a little distance while she read it. What were her emotions as she read:

MARGIE:—It was a severe test to give a young girl, but you have stood it nobly. I thought it was right that you should suffer a little as well as myself; but I now think it proves that such selfishness showed me to be unworthy of a woman's love.

I absolve you from your promise, as freely and fully as time has freed my heart from pain.

Evans is my dearest friend, and it is through his tender care and nursing that I live to tell you this. I have heard the story of his love, and hope that his long waiting will be rewarded.

Your friend,
THADDEUS LIVINGSTONE.

"Margie!"

She turned as in a dream. Their eyes met.

"My own darling," murmured Bert's deep voice, and Margie's sigh of content, as her lover drew her to his bosom, told of happiness too deep for words.

Disappointment and Success.

When poor Edward Keen was acting in barns to country bumpkins, barely finding bread for his wife and child, he was just as great a genius as when he was crowding Drury Lane. When Brougham presided in the House of Lords, he was not a bit better or greater than when he had hung about in the Parliament House at Edinburgh, a briefcase and suspected junior barrister. And when George Stephenson died, he was the same man, maintaining the same principle, as when men of science and of law regarded as a mischievous lunatic the individual who declared that some day the railroad would be the King's highway and mail coaches would be drawn by steam.

A Lowly Life.

What a brave privilege is it to be free from all contentions, from all envying or being envied; from receiving and from paying all kinds of ceremonies! It is, in my mind, a very delightful pastime to two good and agreeable friends to travel up and down together, in places where they are by nobody known, nor knowing anybody. It was the case of Aeneas and his Achates, when they walked invisibly about the streets and fields of Carthage. Venus herself

A veil of thickened air around them cast that none might know, or see them, as they passed. The common story of Demosthenes' confession, that he had taken great pleasure in hearing a tinkler-woman say, as he passed, "This is that Demosthenes," is wonderfully ridiculous from so solid an orator, I myself have often met with that temptation to vanity (if it were any), but am so far from finding it any pleasure, that it makes me run faster from the place, till I get, as it were, out of sight—slot.

Democritus relates, and in such a manner as if he gloried in the good fortune and commodity of it, that, when he came to Athens, nobody there did so much as take notice of him; and Epicurus lived there very well, that is, lay hid many years in his gardens, so famous since that time, with his friend Metrodorus; after whose death, making, in one of his letters, a kind of commemoration of the happiness which they two had enjoyed together, he adds at last, that he thought it no disparagement to those great felicitates of their life, that, in the midst of the most talked-of and talking country in the world, they had lived so long, not only without fame, but almost without being heard of; and yet, within a very few years afterwards, there were no two names of men more known or more generally celebrated. If we engage into a large acquaintance and various familiarities, we set open our gates to the invaders of most of our time; we expose our life to a quotidian ague of frigid impertinences, which would make a wise man tremble to think of. Now as for being known much by sight, and pointed at, I cannot comprehend the honor that lies in that; whatsoever it be, every mountebank has it more than the best doctor, and the hangman more than the lord-chief-justice of a city. Every creature has it, both of nature and art, if it be any ways extraordinary. It was as often said, "This is that Bucephalus," or "This is that Incitatus," when they were led prancing through the streets, as, "This is that Alexander," or, "This is that Domitian," and truly, for the latter, I take Incitatus to have been a much more honorable beast than his master, and more deserving the consulship than he the empire.

I love and commend a true, good fame because it is the shadow of virtue; not that it doth any good to the body which it accompanies, but it is an efficacious shadow, and like that of St. Peter, cures the diseases of others. The best kind of glory, no doubt, is that which is reflected from honesty, such as was the glory of Cato and Aristides; but it was harmful to them both, and is seldom beneficial to any man whilst he lives; what it is to him after his death I cannot say, because I love not philosophy, merely national and conjectural, and no man who has made the experiment has been so kind as to come back to inform us. Upon the whole matter, I account a person who has a moderate mind and fortune, and lives in the conversation of two or three agreeable friends, with little commerce in the world besides, who is esteemed well enough by his few neighbors that know him, and is truly irreproachable by anybody; and so, after a healthful, quiet life, before the great inconveniences of old age, goes more silently out of it than he came in (for I would not have him so much as cry in the exit); this innocent deceiver of the world, as Horace called him, this *mota persona*, I take to have been more happy in his part than the greatest actors that fill the stage with show and noise; may, even than Augustus himself, who asked with his last breath, whether he had not played his farce very well.

Hygeia, the New City of Health.

Utopian cities have been constructed by the fertile imagination of dreamers almost from time immemorial, and yet the real cities of the world have advanced toward these ideals with slow and lagging steps. It is not a difficult thing to construct in fancy a well-arranged and well-governed city, and every ruler of a city, can paint the picture; but how is it then, that recognized principles and admitted necessities are of so little avail? The marts and capitals of the world have for the most part struggled into their greatness without much purpose, order or forethought; they have been altered and tinkered a good deal as opportunity has occurred or circumstances made urgent; but, as a rule, they have not been constructed in accordance with any given design, or any definite end. We have to take our cities as we find them, just as if they were so many wildernesses, which settlers hew into shape as best they can, conscious that it is impossible to transform them at will into blooming plantations.

These struggles with adverse conditions only serve to make more entertaining the ideal project of reformers and idealists. We here, in New York, find it difficult to secure such elementary felicities as honest rulers and clean streets; but it is no reason why we should not thoroughly enjoy reading and thinking of cities of the millennium. The latest ideal of this nature is the city of Hygeia, drawn in charming lines and fascinating colors by Dr. Richardson of London. Hygeia is, of course, a model city of health. A physician of long study and observation would be sure to let his imagination dwell on cities where perfect sanitary regulations banish fever, wise forethought render epidemics impossible, and wholesome food and healthful habitations hold all disease in masterly check. The Utopian cities of poets, artists, merchants, or pleasure-seekers, would naturally be of different conditions; yet poets, artists, merchants, and pleasure-seekers, would all be glad to have the healthful charm of Hygeia incorporated in their own visions. Health, obviously must be the corner-stone of all true Utopians.

In studying Dr. Richardson's plan for a model city, readers here must be struck by the many suggestions which have been anticipated by American builders. "All the streets of Hygeia," says Dr. Richardson, "are wide enough to admit of cheerful sunlight and fresh air, and rows of trees are planted between the foot-ways and carriage-ways." This picture would naturally occur to one, familiar with the narrow and treeless streets that so abound in European cities. "All the interspaces," quoting again from the description of this ideal Hygeia, "are laid out in gardens; then all the larger houses are provided with lifts, up which provisions and stores are to be carried; hot water from the kitchen boiler, and cold water from tanks, are to be distributed by means of pipes into the sleeping rooms; every floor or story is to have a sink for waste-water, "whereby the carrying of the uncomfortable slop-ball up and down stairs is rendered unnecessary; every floor has an opening into a dust or ash shaft, which descends to a dust-bin under the basement of the house; on the landing of the middle or second story is a bathroom supplied with hot and cold water; all domestic offices of every kind are to be within the four walls of the building. These details of domestic comfort, generally found in recently built houses in leading American cities, prove how much in certain particulars European dwellings are behind our own—a fact which every traveling American has discovered.

But if in certain domestic details we have anticipated Hygeia, our cities in many things most emphatically show the need of a little wholesome planning and dreaming. In Hygeia, there will, we are told, "be no occasion for those unsightly concomitants of London sanitation, scavengers' carts. The accumulation of mud and dirt in the streets is washed away every day through side openings into sub-ways." In New York it is the too frequent absence of scavenger-carts that we have to deplore; in truth, if we could reach the height of London or Paris neatness in this matter, we should almost fancy we were already abiding in Hygeia.

Among other features of the new ideal city, we find the garden on the roof, which readers familiar with *Appleton's Journal* will affirm is not original with Dr. Richardson; then the kitchen is to be placed at the top of the house where "hot odors, being lighter than common air, pass away without contaminating the living and sleeping apartments." If the kitchen is to be placed under the roof, which we admit is a good situation for it, then gardens on the roof would hardly be agreeable as a pleasure-resort, charged as the atmosphere would be with the redolence of the kitchen. The roof-garden in this case would be a prime place for early peas or green cucumbers. By placing the kitchen and offices at the top of the house, the doctor is enabled to erect his dwellings on arches of brickwork, "which form channels of ingress for fresh air, and of egress for all that is to be got rid of." In the way of travel and transportation, a railway beneath each main street is to be constructed for heavy commodities, but no tramways are to cut up or obstruct the roadways. Railways beneath, cars and omnibuses above are to suffice.

These are only a few of the reforms and changes Hygeia is to show the world. Naturally the dream-shop is to be abolished, and even tobacco comes under ban. Hygeia is pre-eminently the city of health, of course, each one at his pleasure can to the doctor's ideal art-galleries, concert-rooms, opera houses, lecture-rooms, libraries, public parks, handsome shops, gar equipments; and as health would obviously fill the streets with the blooming faces of happy men and women, the picture, it will be seen, is a fascinating one—and yet, fascinating as it is, there is nothing in it which is not entirely practicable.—*Appleton's Journal*.

Revenge.

Banish all malignant and revengeful thoughts. A spirit of revenge is a spirit of the devil, than which nothing makes a man more like him, and nothing can be more opposite to the temper which Christianity designs to promote. If your revenge be not satisfied, it will give you torment now; if it be, it will give you greater hereafter. None is a greater self-tormentor than a malicious and a revengeful man, who turns the poison of his own temper in upon himself.

Music washes away from the soul the dust of every day life.

FOOD FOR THOUGHT.

A quiet conscience sleeps in thunder. A guilty conscience needs no accuser. An oak tree is not felled with one blow.

A bad workman quarrels with his tools. A good name keeps its lustre in the dark.

Mean souls, like mean pictures, are sometimes found in good-looking frames. True sympathy is the very essence of Christianity, and every human heart craves it.

A woman's head is always influenced by her heart; but a man's heart is always influenced by his head.

When a man has no design but to speak plain truth he may say a great deal in a very narrow compass. All things come into being by the combination of atoms, and eventually perish by their disintegration.—*Epictetus*.

Few things are impracticable in themselves; and it is for want of application, rather than of means, that men fail of success.

In the education of children, bodily health should have primary attention. The tree of knowledge should be grafted with the tree of life.

The chief ingredients in the composition of those qualities that gain esteem and praise are good nature, truth, good sense and good breeding.

A really educated man sometimes will lack that pitchiness of phrase always more or less at the command of simply natural persons.

Macaulay said of Mitford that he was the first modern historian who understood that men who wrote in Greek occasionally told lies.

The spider is wiser than the bee. The former sucks poison from everything, and the latter honey. The former isn't robbed and the latter is.

It is only the loveless who decry defects in others; to perceive these, therefore, we must become loveless, but not more than is absolutely necessary.

Woman has many advantages over man; one of them is that his will has no operation until he is dead, whereas hers generally takes place in her lifetime.</

LOCAL MATTERS.

An amateur theatrical troop is on the tapis.

The name of Mark Driskell is added to the list of candidates for Commissioner this week.

Now that the great European war is likely to create a demand, at fair prices, for all kinds of produce and subsistence, it is the part of wisdom to prepare beforehand to make the best of our opportunities.

For years we have been importing English rams, and now it seems that England is adopting ours, the difference in the two being that the former attacked only farmers and boys, while the latter are expected to operate against big ships.

From all that we can learn from inquiries of persons from various parts of the county, the wheat crop is very good. The corn is late, but looking well and in good condition. Cotton is very late and poor stand. It is at least a month behind time.

Our correspondent from Bolivar county, Mississippi, indulges in some pretty hefty statements, but we are bound to accept the truth of them until the contrary is established. Do wish though he had made it less than twelve hundred bushels to the acre.

Attention is specially invited to the advertisement of Mr. W. Nesbit, who is prepared to furnish molasses manufacturers with everything needed. He is too well known to need commendation from us. He does his work well and faithfully, and makes no false representations.

Mr. Willie W. Stevenson, living about two miles south of this place, informs us that he has twenty acres of cotton which he has already chopped out. Most of this cotton will now average three to four leaves to the stalk, and a great deal of it has many as six. It is the best cotton we have heard of in this section. Who can beat it. His wheat looks fine, and corn is splendid. It is now being plowed a second time.

We learn that our fellow townsman, Col. J. S. Crook, has been selected by the faculty of the Agricultural and Mechanical College at Auburn, Ala., to deliver the annual agricultural address at commencement. The selection is a good one, and it is accepted with pleasure. We assure those who are so fortunate as to be present on the occasion of its delivery, that they will enjoy a very intellectual treat.

To SUBSCRIBERS.—We wish our subscribers to understand that we disclaim all connection with advertisers offering bargains as special premiums to subscribers of this paper, unless the same is signed by our firm name. There may be bargains offered in these advertisements or not—we do not know as to that; but we are not offering any special premiums now. When we conclude to do so the names of J. F. & L. W. Grant will be signed to the advertisement.

After the District meeting at Cross Plains was over the junior editor remained with friends near Bethel church to enjoy two or three days fishing in Terrapin Creek; and he can truly say that he never spent a more agreeable time in his life. Not many fish were taken it is true, but the fishing formed one of the best of the pleasures of the visit. For genuine, old-fashioned hospitality, with an attendant grace, the people of that section of our county cannot be surpassed by the people of any other spot in the world; and this writer shall ever remember the time thus spent in freedom from the monotonous duties of office work with feelings of the liveliest pleasure.

MAYOR'S COURT.—George Hoke, Nol Walker, Jere Abernathy, Walt Abernathy and Step Clark, young bloods of the colored town, went to a ball last week and raised a row, blew out the lights, secured the colored dancers, and broke up the party. George Hoke attempted to keep the peace by striking Nol Walker, who in return knocked him in the head with a brick. Step Clark and Jere Abernathy figured conspicuously with an old pistol. Walt Abernathy only looked on and cried. The Mayor acquitted Walt, Nol, Jere and Step contributed \$10 each, and George \$2, towards paying the Mayor's salary.

The attention of our grocery and provision dealers is invited to the advertisement of Messrs. Yates & Hood of Mobile. Mr. Yates is well known to a number of our citizens, having lived in this place several years before he went into the grocery business. He has had a number of years experience in the extensive, well known and popular grocery house of L. Brewer & Co.

Mobile, all things considered, is the best, cheapest, and most convenient grocery market for our section; and we venture to assert, that for promptitude, fair dealing and liberality, the firm of Yates & Hood cannot be excelled in any Southern city.

We thankfully acknowledge the receipt from the young ladies of our Female Academy, (now under the superintendence of those competent and accomplished ladies, Miss Fullenwider and Mrs. Bellamy,) of a basket of strawberries and beautiful flowers, raised on the Academy lot. The lot is one of the most beautiful in our town, and we are gratified at the spirit of ornamentation and improvement recently manifested. We hope that all our citizens may take pride and interest in it, until the shrubbery, fruits and flowers, shall vie in beauty with the lovely and beautiful human flowers who are there being educated and qualified for the duties and responsibilities of life.

District Conference.

The Talladega Conference was held at Cross Plains, in this County, commencing on Thursday 17th inst, and continuing until Saturday evening. Bishop McVey presided, fully sustaining his high reputation for executive ability, and Rev. Messrs. Boland and Kerr, acted as Secretaries.

The business of the Conference was transacted with harmony and to full perfection. All the delegates, about fifty in number were in attendance with the exception of one or two, said to be the fullest attendance ever convened in the District since the institution of District Conferences by the Church. The numbers of visitors was also very large; yet notwithstanding the unusually large attendance, they were entertained with princely hospitality by the generous and liberal citizens of Cross Plains and vicinity.

Bishop McVey preached on Saturday and Sunday at 11 o'clock A. M. On both occasions the church was crowded to its utmost capacity, and also crowded at the doors and windows outside, notwithstanding there was preaching to large congregations at the same hours at the Academy near by, and at Ladiga and Bethel, two or three miles distant. During the Conference there was preaching at various hours by Revs. Boland, Stevenson, Brindley, Melton, Brown, Taylor, Roberts and others.

At the close, resolutions of thanks were unanimously passed, to the officers of the Conference, to the citizens of Cross Plains and vicinity for their generous hospitality, and to the officers of the Selma, Rome and Dalton Railroad, for their liberality in passing Delegates at half fare.

A Chicago girl is so modest that she refuses to let the clothes remain on the line during the day time. In our neighborhood the tramps refuse to let the clothes remain on the line during the night.

COUNTY INTELLIGENCE.

NANCES CREEK.—Our farmers have been making good use of the time during the most favorable weather.

It is thought now that the wheat crop will be very good, notwithstanding so much complaint while back about the fly.

Stands of cotton only tolerably good. Some have plowed up part of their cotton and planted it in corn. Some have checked from ten to twenty feet and planted corn. The plan to check cotton every twenty feet for corn will prove profitable, especially if prices should take as at present. Suppose I take a square of ten acres, I will put my cotton rows 33 inches apart, and I obtain 249 which are 500 feet in length, one stalk of cotton to every foot in drill, 5 bolls to every stalk, and 100 bolls per pound gives me 7920 pounds seed cotton. Now to cross this every 20 feet for corn I obtain 7920 corn hills, equal to about 80 bushels corn. There are one-twentieth as many corn hills as cotton hills, but the corn will necessarily shade the cotton, hence we will say the cotton is damaged three-twentieths, equal to 1188 pounds seed cotton, or 360 pounds lint at 10 cents, \$36 against \$80. The 10 acres will make one-third as much corn as if it were all planted in corn, and better corn because it will receive more workings.

Rev. Thos. K. Trotter is expected to preach at Nances Creek Baptist Church on the first Saturday and Sunday in June—3 p. m. Saturday, and 11 a. m. Sunday. Rev. Jno. A. Glenn, the pastor of Nances Creek Church, will preach at Hebron Church the same time—the two Churches exchange churches for the time being.

It is being insisted that the candidates and citizens should join in and have a general picnic or barbecue somewhere in the county before August. It is yet to be seen how the thing will take.

We had a splendid rain Monday evening. GEORGE.

PEAKS HILL.—It is high time that Peaks Hill awoke out of sleep and tell what she is doing. We are needing rain now. We had rain last Saturday; it was a trashy shower.

The people keep their farms worked well; they keep the upper hand of the grass this year.

You may talk about killing two birds with one stone; we can kill three. We can go to the store, to the blacksmith shop and to the mill all at once. Who can beat that for convenience?

Some men are taking more exercise this year than usual, especially the candidates. They are as thick in this country as pig tracks in a plum orchard. But let them alone, they are clever fellows.

Agents have broke out in a new streak. Talk about trouble; they worry a fellow, and you can't get shut of them unless you kill them or trade with them, one or the other.

Linder & Montgomery are selling goods now to men who pay their debts. Don't get scared boys, it is right that Linder & Montgomery should be paid.

Now is the time to fish if you want to catch some. Men say, "fish when the sign is in the head." That may do, but I will try it while the sign is in the stomach—that is, when they bite best.

I don't think that my wheat will head this year, but it will be only the sooner next.

Let me hear from other localities.

CANE CREEK.—Quite a number from this section attended the District Conference at Cross Plains last week; they feel amply repaid for their attendance, and brought home with them a warm place in their hearts for the citizens of that town and vicinity who entertained them.

Dr. Larr, of Oxford, has been on the creek this week, practicing

his profession. We are always glad to hear of the Doctor passing around, for he always leaves entire satisfaction wherever he operates. The people on our creek anticipate turning out, unanimously to the Sunday School celebration at Weaver's academy Saturday. We learn that quite a number of Sunday schools are expected to attend. All who do so will find it profitable as well as pleasant.

We hope we will have the pleasure of meeting one or both of the genial editors of the Republican on that occasion; for we are always glad to see you among your people. CREEK.

MIDDLE ONATHUR.—Our farmers are getting along with their work fine. Corn looks well. Notwithstanding the cool nights and mornings, cotton is looking very well.

I understand that Dr. Cobb says the Middle Onathur localist has damaged Calhoun county from \$5,000 to \$10,000, by saying the fly had ruined the wheat. As I take the REPUBLICAN I can testify to the fact, that "Felix" never has alluded to the wheat but twice, and that was early in the spring, and the news was favorable. I beg leave to say we must look over the Dr's blunders, as he has read the paper in a hurry and cannot retain borrowed news correctly. Think he had better subscribe for the Republican, so he can make a correct statement when he tells the news. SUBSCRIBER.

CANE CREEK.—Corn and cotton suffering for rain. Cotton is looking badly, from the cold nights and dry weather. Corn is very good. Gardens are looking finely.

There was a Sunday School started at Jones' school house last Sunday; also one at Oak Bower Church.

Two more souls found happiness last week, but they had to clope to find it. Joy be with them. That preacher man set a bad example when he stole his bride; it has put some others in the same notion.

Old corn is very scarce, and a great many wanting to buy; and there is little or no old wheat in the country. The present crop is suffering from rust on blade and stalk, and from fly.

We would reply to—X Roads but from his productions in last week's REPUBLICAN, although

"Mooney" thinks himself equal to "Beretis" "Pat" hardly thinks he is *compe* *compe*. And as to giving vulgar names, if we were to give any the editor would not publish it, unless it was to have something to suit the mental and moral culture of "Mooney's," as well as his more intelligent readers. "Vale Mooney," beland and we will close for this time. PAT MCCARTY.

LADIGA.—Weather very dry. Farmers are chopping cotton rapidly this week. Wheat is very good in this valley.

Old man in Beat 7 has been troubled with candidates so much that he has fenced up all the roads leading to his house.

Some of our young men will attend the Sunday School celebration at Weaver's.

A Paper Read by Miss Fanette Williams before White Plains Good Templars Lodge.

"THE RESULT OF MODERATE DRAM DRINKING."

We would first ask, who is the moderate dram-drinker? The majority of mankind. They are scattered all over our land, in Church and State. There are moderate dram-drinkers here in our own community, who are daily exerting their influence over their children and neighbors. They contend there is no harm in a moderate dram. A boy is easily led to believe that father says is all right—I will try one and see how it tastes. That dram is taken, another, and another; and it ends in making him a drunkard. There are many evils and disasters which result from dram-drinking. One daily lives point them out. We see the wife and her husband come home reeling under the influence of strong drink. She grieves to think of her husband being a drunkard. She thinks probably of their children that may follow his footsteps. We see the widowed mother as she pleads with her only dear son, to leave off dram-drinking. He would readily obey if it was not for his companions. Young men beware of such companions; they will do you injury, of which, perhaps, at the time you are unaware. You say: "I don't intend to make a drunkard." You may not; but, if you take a dram to-day, to-morrow, you will be led to believe that you can get out without it, and it will be your eternal ruin. There is something in the vice of intemperance which is exceptionally mean. Not only like all other vices, it is debasing and evil in itself, but having the property of leading along with all other vices, its companionship sinks each one of them down to a still lower level of shame and degradation. There is no vice which so effectually extinguishes the ordinary moral virtues. A liar may be courteous, cleanly, humane, capable of faithful friendship and ardent affection, and too honest or too proud to steal, but a drunken man can do neither of these. In his drunken moments he is rude and brutal, and will descend to the lowest depths of baseness and dishonor. A man has no conscience when he is drunk; his spirituality is absolutely extinguished; he can neither fear or love, pray, worship or adore. He is unable to see his sin, and cannot, therefore, be fully penitent for it or repent of it. The only penance, the sacrifice, the redemption of the sinner, can make no impression on his bestialized soul; nor will the Holy Spirit enter his dwelling; it is impossible for the love of God to find room in his heart; and we have the inspired word of the Apostle that those who are like him shall inherit the Kingdom of God. This terrible vice is perhaps the most difficult to conquer of all. No other sin stratches its roots down so deep into our natures, its tendrils so insidiously and widely with every part of our moral nature. So that, commonly speaking, the drunkard is in a condition of almost abject

hopelessness; and humanly speaking, he is most ready to believe that he will be utterly prostrated, his conscience so blunted, his sense of shame and self respect so obliterated, that effort expended upon him is felt often, alas—too truly—to be labor in vain.

But my friends, let us work more faithfully for the cause of temperance. There are those who are themselves conquerors over our hearts and we feel as if there were no hope for the drunkard. For this there is no cure but for us to work. We must put all our energies into motion, and this heaviness will disappear as just before the morning sun. There arise doubts in the human mind which sink into lethargy, wrap us in gloom, and make us think 'tis useless to attempt anything. We must task our intellect, stir up our feelings, and these doubts, hanging like a heavy cloud upon the mountain, will scatter and disappear and leave us in sunshine and open day. In order to accomplish this deed we must work. We must work and not sit, for therein is the well-spring of human hope and happiness.

To the sunny soul that is full of hope. And whose beautiful trust ne'er faileth, The grass is green and the flowers are bright.

Though the wintry storm prevaileth, Better to hope though the clouds hang low, And keep the eyes still lifted, For the sweet blue sky will soon peep through.

When the ominous clouds are rifled: W. F.

There are some strange revelations in the quarterly report upon immigration which is made by the Bureau of Statistics. England sends more emigrants than Ireland, while the single Canadian province of Quebec does nearly as well. Distant Australasia sends several times as many as our neighboring continent of Europe. No liquor sold in the place. Parents now have a splendid opportunity of giving their children a good education, and at the same time have them surrounded by moral influences. Board can be had at from \$8 to \$10 per month.

BUSINESS NOTICES.

IMPORTANT.

W. W. NESBIT.

YS NOW prepared with Tin, Sheet Iron & Copper to do all kinds of work and repairing on SORGHUM MACHINERY. SMOKE STACKS of superior construction, which will make more Molasses in a shorter time than any other, *specially*. MEASURES, SKIMMERS, DIPPER, &c. constantly on hand for sale. RAPID SORGHUM COOLER.—The best thing ever invented. Does away with the necessity of cooling in barrels. Terms cash or good paper. Jacksonville, May 26, 1877.

A SLENDID TWO-HORSE WAGON for sale.—Terms easy.—Price low.—Apply to JOHN M. CALDWELL. May 19—3t.

Green's Gallery is still open for another week after this.

AT THE RED STORE you will always find Meat, Lard, Sugar, Coffee, Tea, Flour, Corn, Corn-meal, Crockery & Glassware, Lamps, Lamp fixtures, Buggy & Wagon Harness, Saddles, Bridles, Whips, Trace chains, Backbands, & every thing in the grocery or harness line at rock bottom cash prices. Harness and Saddle repairing a specialty.

Maddox & Privett will give you groceries or anything they sell for your clean cotton rags. Those FEAR GRITS & HOMINY at Maddox & Privett's 20 lbs. for one dollar are perfectly splendid with gravy. Full weight & 1 lb. plugs TOBACCO at the Red Store for 15 cents each. La Bestrilla Figs is the brand of the finest little cigar in town & for sale at the Red Store. Fresh Tomatoes at the Red Store 20cts per can, who are going to get the small lot of fresh tomatoes codfish at Maddox and Privett for 10cts per pound call at once or miss the bargain. Harness and saddle making and repairing done extremely low during the dull season. MADDOX & PRIVETT.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

[Extract of a letter of Dr. Lovie Pierce, of Sparta, to Rev. L. F. Davies.]

Dear Bro. Davies. Excuse me for writing only when I am deeply interested. I have been speechless about two months. Could not read and pay to a family. Had tried many things, but not a benefit. From a Sinner conference some one sent me from America a bottle of Thers's Consumptive Cure and Lung Restorer, which I have been using, and now I feel better. I can walk now with some ease. I came here, many other things, to supply myself with this medicine. No drugist here has it on sale. I must have it. I want you to go in person to Thers & Co. and get this letter, and make them send me by express to Sparta, Ga., two, three or four bottles, with bill. I am getting on fairly. LOVIE PIERCE. For sale by Dr. W. M. NESBIT, Jacksonville, Ala. Sep. 23—3m.

MURDER WILL OUT.

A few years ago, "August Flower" was discovered to be a certain cure for Dyspepsia and Liver complaint, a few thin dyspeptics made known to their friends how easily and quickly they had been cured by its use. The great merits of GREEN'S AUGUST FLOWER became heralded through the country by one sufferer to another, until, without advertising, the sale has become immense. It is in EVERY TOWN in the United States are selling it. No person suffering with Stomach, Sick Headache, Constipation, Palpitation of the Heart, Indigestion, low spirits, &c., can take three doses without relief. Go to your Druggist, Dr. W. M. NESBIT, and get a bottle for 75 cents and try it. Sample bottles 10 cents.

HALL'S VEGETABLE HAIR RESTORER now stands among the first, and at the head of all articles for a similar purpose. The testimony of our physicians is conclusive as to its value, and we are personally acquainted with scores of cases where it has been used with the best of results. It will restore gray hair to its original color, and leaves it glossy, and in a healthy condition; while, for heads troubled with dandruff, or any disease of the scalp, it acts like a charm in cleansing them. Try it, and you will not be disappointed.

For sale by Dr. W. M. NESBIT, Jacksonville, Ala. Sep. 23—3m.

Final Settlement Notice.

THE STATE OF ALABAMA, Calhoun County, Register's Office, at Probate Court, May 15th, 1877.

Joel H. Farmer, dec.—Estate of.

THIS day came Wm. R. Hubbard, Adm'r of the estate of Joel H. Farmer, deceased, and filed his statement, accounts, vouchers, and evidence for final settlement of his administration.

It is ordered that the 11th day of June A. D. 1877, be appointed a day on which to make such settlement, at which time all persons interested can appear and contest the said settlement if they think proper.

W. M. NESBIT, Register. May 19—3t. Acting as Probate Judge.

Annual Settlement Notice.

THE STATE OF ALABAMA, Calhoun County, Probate Court, May 12, 1877.

THIS day came C. D. Davis, Adm'r of the Estate, of R. M. Reddie, dec. and filed his statement, account, and vouchers for an annual settlement of said estate.

It is ordered that the 11th day of June, 1877, be appointed a day on which to make such settlement, at which time all persons interested can appear and contest the said settlement if they think proper.

W. M. NESBIT, Register. May 19—3t. Acting as Probate Judge.

Annual Settlement Notice.

THE STATE OF ALABAMA, Calhoun County, Probate Court, May 12, 1877.

THIS day came P. M. Watson, Guardian of P. D. Watson, a minor, and filed his statement of his accounts for an annual settlement of his guardianship.

It is ordered that the 11th day of June, 1877, be appointed a day on which to make such settlement, at which time all persons interested can appear and contest the said settlement if they think proper.

L. W. CANNON, Judge of Probate. May 12—3t.

"BLUE MOUNTAIN ROUTE."

Selma, Rome and Dalton Railroad.

Taking Effect Sunday, April 8, 1877.

| | |
|-------------|--------------------------------|
| 8:10 a. m. | Leave Selma, Arrive 9:30 a. m. |
| 7:58 " | " Randolph, " 7:10 " |
| 9:20 " | " Calver, " 8:35 " |
| 11:38 " | " Talladega, " 1:15 " |
| 12:40 p. m. | " Oxford, " 1:25 " |
| 1:30 " | " Anniston, " 2:05 " |
| 1:35 " | " Jacksonville, " 12:35 " |
| 2:50 " | " Stoneville, " 10:49 p. m. |
| 2:58 " | " Teetmeh, " 10:40 " |
| 3:07 " | " Plover, " 10:35 " |
| 2:27 " | " Grove Spring, " 10:35 " |
| 4:15 " | " Active Rome, Leave 9:10 " |
| 4:25 " | " Leave Rome, Arrive 5:50 " |
| 5:10 " | " Plainville, " 8:05 " |
| 6:45 " | " Arrive Dalton, Leave 6:10 " |

Through Sleepers will run from Jacksonville to Lynchburg without change.

Connecting at Dalton with R. T. Y. & G. R. R. for Eastern Virginia cities, Virginia Springs, and with W. & A. R. R. for Chattanooga and all western cities.

Close connection at Selma with Montgomery, Mobile and New Orleans.

Close connection at Selma with Ala. Gen. R. R. for Meridian, Jackson, New Orleans, and Vicksburg, with good sleeping accommodations.

M. STANTON, RAY KNIGHT, Gen. Supt. Gen. Pass. Agt. April 7, 1877.

Cross Plains High School.

Rev. G. B. RUSSELL, Principal. Miss ANNA CLEVELAND, Assist.

This School for Boys and Girls, located at Cross Plains, Calhoun county, Ala. is now in successful operation.

All branches systematically taught. Young men prepared for Junior or Senior class in College.

Good, decent and thorough instruction the motto of the Teachers.

Cross Plains—situated on Selma, Rome & Dalton R. R. is easily accessible from all parts of the country, and is one of the most healthy and moral communities in the State.

Good Sabbath School and church privileges every Sunday. No liquor sold in the place.

Parents now have a splendid opportunity of giving their children a good education, and at the same time have them surrounded by moral influences.

Board can be had at from \$8 to \$10 per month.

First class, \$10.00 Second " 8.00 Third " 6.00 Fourth " 4.00

Pupils charged from the time they enter until the close of session, except in case of protracted sickness. Mar. 17—3m.

PIMPLES.

I will mail, free, the receipt for preparing a simple VESICATOR. Data that will remove TAN, FRECKLES, PIMPLES, and Blemishes, leaving the skin soft, clear and beautiful. Also instructions for producing a permanent growth of hair on a bald head, or smooth face. Address Rev. Yendell C. Co. Box 5121, No. 5, Webster St. N. Y. Dec. 30—6m.

TO CONSUMPTIVES.

The advertiser, having been permanently cured of the Lung disease, Consumption, by a simple remedy, is anxious to make known to his fellow sufferers the means of cure. To all who desire it, he will send a copy of the prescription at 1/4, free of charge, with the directions for preparing and using the same, which they will find a SURE CURE for Consumption, Asthma, Bronchitis, &c.

Parties wishing the prescription will please address, Rev. E. A. WILSON, Dec. 30—6m.

ERRORS OF YOUTH.

A GENTLEMAN who suffered for years from Nervous debility, premature decay, and all the effects of youthful indiscretion, will, for the sake of suffering humanity, send free to all who will send him the name of cure. To all who desire it, he will send a copy of the prescription at 1/4, free of charge, with the directions for preparing and using the same, which they will find a SURE CURE for Consumption, Asthma, Bronchitis, &c.

Parties wishing the prescription will please address, Rev. E. A. WILSON, Dec. 30—6m.

LIVERY & SALE STABLE.

HAVING bought the entire hal interest of J. W. Fullenwider in his stock and outfit of the late (Hammond & Fullenwider's) Stable, we will continue the same business place, and hope that by fair dealing and reasonable charges to merit a liberal share of patronage. A stable is an indispensable necessity to all villages, and we hope our citizens may give us sufficient patronage to make the stable self-sustaining. We will also continue the mail hack to and from Gadsden daily except Saturdays. Price for Gadsden Hack \$3.00 through or \$5.00 return.

Hack to and from depot 25c day 50c night. Horse and buggy per day, \$3.00. Horse and buggy per day, \$3.00. Horse and buggy per day, \$3.00. Horse and buggy per day, \$3.00.

W. B. HAMMOND, J. D. HAMMOND, Agent.

Final Settlement Notice.

THE STATE OF ALABAMA, Calhoun County, Register's Office, at Probate Court, May 15th, 1877.

Joel H. Farmer, dec.—Estate of.

THIS day came Wm. R. Hubbard, Adm'r of the estate of Joel H. Farmer, deceased, and filed his statement, accounts, vouchers, and evidence for final settlement of his administration.

It is ordered that the 11th day of June A. D. 1877, be appointed a day on which to make such settlement, at which time all persons interested can appear and contest the said settlement if they think proper.

W. M. NESBIT, Register. May 19—3t. Acting as Probate Judge.

Annual Settlement Notice.

THE STATE OF ALABAMA, Calhoun County, Probate Court, May 12, 1877.

THIS day came C. D. Davis, Adm'r of the Estate, of R. M. Reddie, dec. and filed his statement, account, and vouchers for an annual settlement of said estate.

It is ordered that the 11th day of June, 1877, be appointed a day on which to make such settlement, at which time all persons interested can appear and contest the said settlement if they think proper.

W. M. NESBIT, Register. May 19—3t. Acting as Probate Judge.

Annual Settlement Notice.

THE STATE OF ALABAMA, Calhoun County, Probate Court, May 12, 1877.

THIS day came P. M. Watson, Guardian of P. D. Watson, a minor, and filed his statement of his accounts for an annual settlement of his guardianship.

It is ordered that the 11th day of June, 1877, be appointed a day on which to make such settlement, at which time all persons interested can appear and contest the said settlement if they think proper.

L. W. CANNON, Judge of Probate. May 12—3t.

Jacksonville Hotel.

OLIVER

SILVERWARE
AS PREMIUMS
IMPORTANT NOTICE
A \$4 Set of Extra Plated
SILVER SPOONS

Given away as a Special Premium to the subscribers of this paper. Silver Goods sent under this Premium Proposition are of the best and well known and reliable Union Silver Plate Co., Philadelphia, Pa.

Under a very favorable proposition made above well known house, all regular subscribers of this paper can secure a useful and valuable as well as very valuable Premium, in the shape of a handsome set of **Extra Plated Silver Spoons**, warranted equal to the best of the kind sold in this country for \$4.00 and in addition, each spoon will be handsomely engraved with your name in gram initial.

All who are entitled to receive this useful and useful Premium can do so on application with the following conditions—Send your name and post-office address, together with your press office, to the Union Silver Plate Company, 704 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa. together with the following Press Office:

and inclose with your order to cover, express charges of engraving your initials, express charges for boxing, and packing, and you will receive a return express (or mail, if you so desire) to your office) a full set of extra plain silver spoons free of any charge. All express and packing charges are covered by the company. Spoon sets will be delivered to you free. If you do not desire to have the spoons expressed, you are only required to send money to pay for expressage and boxing. The company wants to let cases be sent, to indicate that you are entitled to this premium, as this very liberal offer has been extended to any one who is not a purchaser of the paper. The retail price of this set of spoons is \$4.00, as the following letter will show:

OFFICE OF THE UNION SILVER PLATE CO.
FULLA, N. J.

We assure all subscribers that the goods we have contracted for are first-class in every respect. That the usual retail price for these is \$4.00 per set. Our lowest price for a set of 12 extra plain silver spoons is \$3.00. If you order a dozen sets, and we will in no case retail at any lower price, and you will receive a set of spoons who does not send in a return to this company. That the sender is a patron of this company.

UNION SILVER PLATE CO.

Premium Silver Spoon Coups
PREMIUM
Silverware

[illegible]

and Foreign Patent Agents, 71 St. Louis, Mo. E. established in 1886. For all scientific matters of instruction, etc., sent free. 25-cent

VERDANT GREEN
Largest family from 1871, 1872, 1873, 1874, 1875, 1876, 1877, 1878, 1879, 1880, 1881, 1882, 1883, 1884, 1885, 1886, 1887, 1888, 1889, 1890, 1891, 1892, 1893, 1894, 1895, 1896, 1897, 1898, 1899, 1900, 1901, 1902, 1903, 1904, 1905, 1906, 1907, 1908, 1909, 1910, 1911, 1912, 1913, 1914, 1915, 1916, 1917, 1918, 1919, 1920, 1921, 1922, 1923, 1924, 1925, 1926, 1927, 1928, 1929, 1930, 1931, 1932, 1933, 1934, 1935, 1936, 1937, 1938, 1939, 1940, 1941, 1942, 1943, 1944, 1945, 1946, 1947, 1948, 1949, 1950, 1951, 1952, 1953, 1954, 1955, 1956, 1957, 1958, 1959, 1960, 1961, 1962, 1963, 1964, 1965, 1966, 1967, 1968, 1969, 1970, 1971, 1972, 1973, 1974, 1975, 1976, 1977, 1978, 1979, 1980, 1981, 1982, 1983, 1984, 1985, 1986, 1987, 1988, 1989, 1990, 1991, 1992, 1993, 1994, 1995, 1996, 1997, 1998, 1999, 2000, 2001, 2002, 2003, 2004, 2005, 2006, 2007, 2008, 2009, 2010, 2011, 2012, 2013, 2014, 2015, 2016, 2017, 2018, 2019, 2020, 2021, 2022, 2023, 2024, 2025, 2026, 2027, 2028, 2029, 2030, 2031, 2032, 2033, 2034, 2035, 2036, 2037, 2038, 2039, 2040, 2041, 2042, 2043, 2044, 2045, 2046, 2047, 2048, 2049, 2050, 2051, 2052, 2053, 2054, 2055, 2056, 2057, 2058, 2059, 2060, 2061, 2062, 2063, 2064, 2065, 2066, 2067, 2068, 2069, 2070, 2071, 2072, 2073, 2074, 2075, 2076, 2077, 2078, 2079, 2080, 2081, 2082, 2083, 2084, 2085, 2086, 2087, 2088, 2089, 2090, 2091, 2092, 2093, 2094, 2095, 2096, 2097, 2098, 2099, 2100, 2101, 2102, 2103, 2104, 2105, 2106, 2107, 2108, 2109, 2110, 2111, 2112, 2113, 2114, 2115, 2116, 2117, 2118, 2119, 2120, 2121, 2122, 2123, 2124, 2125, 2126, 2127, 2128, 2129, 2130, 2131, 2132, 2133, 2134, 2135, 2136, 2137, 2138, 2139, 2140, 2141, 2142, 2143, 2144, 2145, 2146, 2147, 2148, 2149, 2150, 2151, 2152, 2153, 2154, 2155, 2156, 2157, 2158, 2159, 2160, 2161, 2162, 2163, 2164, 2165, 2166, 2167, 2168, 2169, 2170, 2171, 2172, 2173, 2174, 2175, 2176, 2177, 2178, 2179, 2180, 2181, 2182, 2183, 2184, 2185, 2186, 2187, 2188, 2189, 2190, 2191, 2192, 2193, 2194, 2195, 2196, 2197, 2198, 2199, 2200, 2201, 2202, 2203, 2204, 2205, 2206, 2207, 2208, 2209, 2210, 2211, 2212, 2213, 2214, 2215, 2216, 2217, 2218, 2219, 2220, 2221, 2222, 2223, 2224, 2225, 2226, 2227, 2228, 2229, 2230, 2231, 2232, 2233, 2234, 2235, 2236, 2237, 2238, 2239, 2240, 2241, 2242, 2243, 2244, 2245, 2246, 2247, 2248, 2249, 2250, 2251, 2252, 2253, 2254, 2255, 2256, 2257, 2258, 2259, 2260, 2261, 2262, 2263, 2264, 2265, 2266, 2267, 2268, 2269, 2270, 2271, 2272, 2273, 2274, 2275, 2276, 2277, 2278, 2279, 2280, 2281, 2282, 2283, 2284, 2285, 2286, 2287, 2288, 2289, 2290, 2291, 2292, 2293, 2294, 2295, 2296, 2297, 2298, 2299, 2300, 2301, 2302, 2303, 2304, 2305, 2306, 2307, 2308, 2309, 2310, 2311, 2312, 2313, 2314, 2315, 2316, 2317, 2318, 2319, 2320, 2321, 2322, 2323, 2324, 2325, 2326, 2327, 2328, 2329, 2330, 2331, 2332, 2333, 2334, 2335, 2336, 2337, 2338, 2339, 2340, 2341, 2342, 2343, 2344, 2345, 2346, 2347, 2348, 2349, 2350, 2351, 2352, 2353, 2354, 2355, 2356, 2357, 2358, 2359, 2360, 2361, 2362, 2363, 2364, 2365, 2366, 2367, 2368, 2369, 2370, 2371, 2372, 2373, 2374, 2375, 2376, 2377, 2378, 2379, 2380, 2381, 2382, 2383, 2384, 2385, 2386, 2387, 2388, 2389, 2390, 2391, 2392, 2393, 2394, 2395, 2396, 2397, 2398, 2399, 2400, 2401, 2402, 2403, 2404, 2405, 2406, 2407, 2408, 2409, 2410, 2411, 2412, 2413, 2414, 2415, 2416, 2417, 2418, 2419, 2420, 2421, 2422, 2423, 2424, 2425, 2426, 2427, 2428, 2429, 2430, 2431, 2432, 2433, 2434, 2435, 2436, 2437, 2438, 2439, 2440, 2441, 2442, 2443, 2444, 2445, 2446, 2447, 2448, 2449, 2450, 2451, 2452, 2453, 2454, 2455, 2456, 2457, 2458, 2459, 2460, 2461, 2462, 2463, 2464, 2465, 2466, 2467, 2468, 2469, 2470, 2471, 2472, 2473, 2474, 2475, 2476, 2477, 2478, 2479, 2480, 2481, 2482, 2483, 2484, 2485, 2486, 2487, 2488, 2489, 2490, 2491, 2492, 2493, 2494, 2495, 2496, 2497, 2498, 2499, 2500, 2501, 2502, 2503, 2504, 2505, 2506, 2507, 2508, 2509, 2510, 2511, 2512, 2513, 2514, 2515, 2516, 2517, 2518, 2519, 2520, 2521, 2522, 2523, 2524, 2525, 2526, 2527, 2528, 2529, 2530, 2531, 2532, 2533, 2534, 2535, 2536, 2537, 2538, 2539, 2540, 2541, 2542, 2

[illegible]

Dr. S. Silberman's
EXTERNAL PILLS
give instant relief to
all cases of Catarrh of the
urinary tract, and
are infallible for the
removal of all urinary
calculi.
Sole Manufacturers
"The Great
East River Drug Store,"
Box 3845, New York
City.
Observe that the
signature of
Dr. S. Silberman is
on each one of the boxes.

for use in WHITE or ANTI WHITE
many of which have been painted its red
CAL PAINT has taken FIRST PRIZES
COLORS SENT FREE. Address
DEALER BROS., 109 Water St. Cleveland, O.